MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 6 No. 10 30p

INCORPORATING King

The nudest Young Conservative

BEHIND THE WHEEL WITH A BRM CHALLENGER

THE FILM WITH NO KNICKERS

WHY JOIN THE FOREIGN LEGION?

AUSTRIA 36 SCH BELGIUM 61·50 B FRS DENMARK 7·25 KR FINLAND 4·90 FM FRANCE 7·75 NF GERMANY 6DM HOLLAND 4·90 FL NORWAY 8·65 KR SWEDEN 6·90 KR SWITZERLAND 4·80 FRS U.S.A. AND CANADA $1

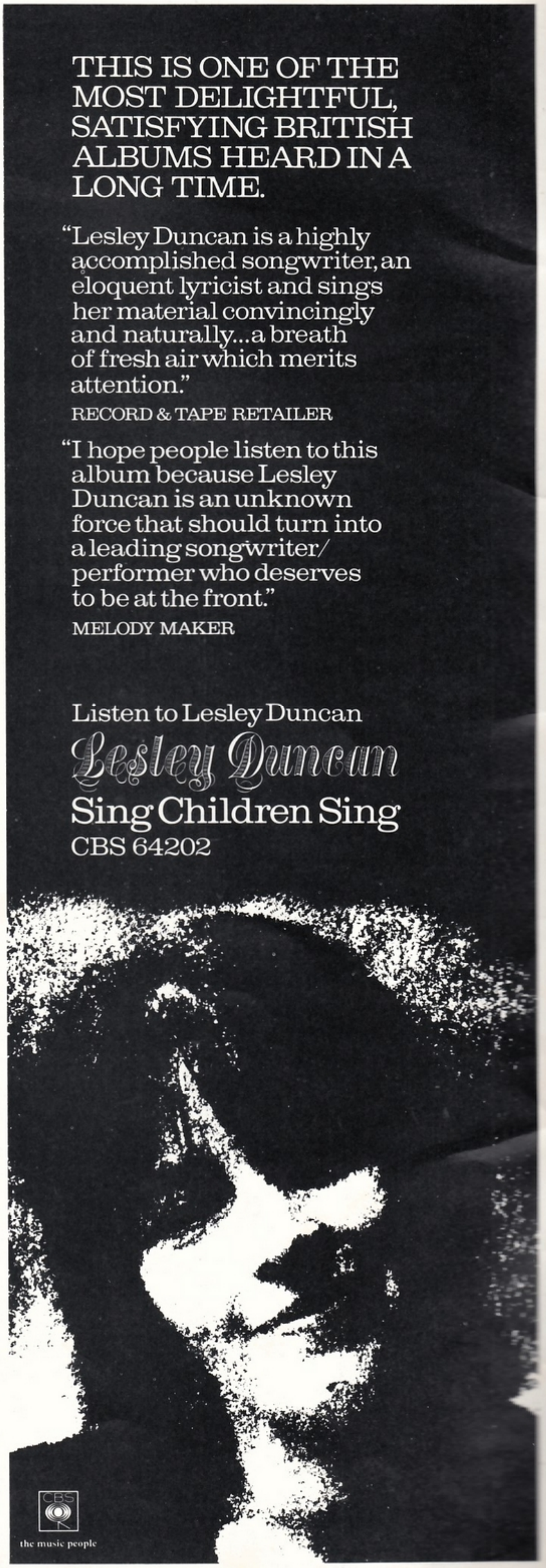
The Minox C is equipped with a mini-computer, and a CdS photo resistor cell

They both think faster than you can

The Minox C is the proud possessor of a mini-computer—transistors, diodes, condensers and electro magnets. It's a whole arsenal of ingenious technology. In split seconds, the light metering mechanism and computer determine exact exposure. The electronic shutter works with superhuman precision, up to 1/1000 second. The electronic automation ensures that every picture is a successful one, in black & white or colour.
So you can only take good pictures —the Minox C sees to that.
Unless you forget to put the film in. But then, you're only human.

MINOX
—the camera you never leave at home

DETAILS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TRADE OR DIRECT FROM
E. LEITZ (INSTRUMENTS) LTD., 30 MORTIMER ST. LONDON W1N 8BB



THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL, SATISFYING BRITISH ALBUMS HEARD IN A LONG TIME.

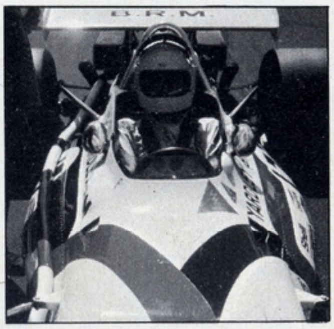
"Lesley Duncan is a highly accomplished songwriter, an eloquent lyricist and sings her material convincingly and naturally...a breath of fresh air which merits attention."
RECORD & TAPE RETAILER

"I hope people listen to this album because Lesley Duncan is an unknown force that should turn into a leading songwriter/performer who deserves to be at the front."
MELODY MAKER

Listen to Lesley Duncan
Lesley Duncan
Sing Children Sing
CBS 64202

CBS
the music people

THE MUCH-TRAVELLED SOPHIE RECLINES: P37



RACING TRIM: P44

LEGION LIFE: P27

MAYFAIR

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 10 ABC net paid circulation 164,107

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

NOTE: this number is not in the latest directory due to a GPO computer error

CONTENTS

page

SPECIAL FEATURES

Sand Soldiers: Is the Foreign Legion really all a mirage? *Martin Windrow* 28
Grid Kid: Behind the wheel with a Grand Prix challenger *Nevile Player* 44
The Barest Film: Never undressedimate Hollywood's potential 78

GIRLS

Christina: A starlet glimpsed on the threshold of fame 20
Sophie: Uncovering what a nanny spanked into shape 37
Caroline: A Young Conservative's most persuasive principles 59

HUMOUR

Behind the Séance: Spiritualistic sensualities for all *Roy Raymonde* 11
Keeping Your Touch: Beware the same old technique! *Mike George* 32
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me: Mayfair's round-up of round-the-table tales 55

INFORMERS

Blushing Altogether: Female readers recount embarrassing moments 64
Quest: Start of a new series 67

FICTION

Girl Weighing Gold: A beautiful but haunting obsession *Landreth Leaper* 24

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 8 **Book Society**/ page 16 **Film Society**/page 48 **Back numbers**/page 69 **Subscription details**/page 74

CRITICS

Books: *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *David Quinlan* **Wine:** *Charles Fforde* **Nightlife:** *Kenneth Dowd* **Discs:** *Peter Hopkin* 14

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Features Editor **John Mackay**/Production Editor **Nevile C Player**/Photography **John Adams**/ Fashion **Erica Crome**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Films **David Quinlan**/Clubs **Kenneth Dowd**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Editorial Assistant **Pauline Peek**/Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings**/Published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all material submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

ONLY YOUNG MEN GO BALD

80% of hair loss occurs between the ages of 20 and 25

The cause of most hair loss is a glandular disorder which often manifests itself at puberty. After three or four hair life cycles the cell forming papilla in each hair follicle becomes choked and damaged; the tiny muscles which should hold the hair erect from the scalp, weaken; pressure on the nerve-bed tends to cause the muscle to eject the hair prematurely. This condition can also restrict the blood supply to the follicle. As a result new hair is not produced and as each old hair falls out, whether prematurely or in the normal course, there is nothing to replace it. That is how most baldness occurs. But it need not happen if the scalp is properly cared for.

There is no need to accept baldness as inevitable

Do not be put off by anyone who says you can do nothing about hair loss. Hair *will* go on growing provided the scalp is kept healthy. The Roney-Booth method of treatment has been proved successful for over 40 years and is now available for home application. Hair cannot be restored to bald areas so it is important not to delay.

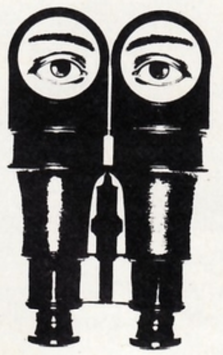
A very common cause of baldness

The dark outline represents the hair follicle – a tiny sheath in which the hair root grows. If the glands alongside it in the scalp are over-active, they choke it with waste matter and grease (the dotted area). The hair root cannot grow properly and becomes loose, and the hair falls out, in time the follicle ceases to produce new hair and balding results.

These disorders can now be treated inexpensively by you at home. To find out more about the treatment and the cost, send the coupon below for free literature.

To Roney-Booth Clinic Ltd. 44 Shroton Street, London NW1
Please send without obligation a free copy of your book
BALDNESS – ITS CAUSES AND PREVENTION
Name (Block capitals please): Mr, Mrs, Miss
Address
MF/871

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

That time of year thou may'st in us behold . . . when seraphic smiles adorn the faces of the editorial staff. The reason is easy to understand. The latest circulation figures from the Audit Bureau of Circulations have just been published.

It shows that Mayfair has risen again from its previous all-time high of 137,611 to a new ABC figure of a monthly sale of 164,107 copies. This is a fantastic achievement. Our ABC circulation this time last year was 110,595 copies, so in the space of one year we have boosted the circulation by nearly 50 per cent. This is phenomenal by any standard – a five to ten per cent. increase would be thought encouragingly healthy – but it is especially meaningful at this time when publishing is held out to be a depressed industry. We have for long disputed this viewpoint. True, it is a time of high unemployment and tight money. But Mayfair is one of the most expensive magazines on the market and hasn't suffered. Why is this? The answer is found in your letters to us; cheerful, humorous, generous in praise of the magazine. Certain words recur: good value, balanced, colourful, modern, humorous. Aren't these words all on the side of sanity. In days when our daily newspapers are roll-calls of despondency and despair it is hardly surprising that a publication that has the temerity to sound cheerful should find a special loyalty from its readers.

Martin Windrow, author of our Foreign Legion profile on page 24, has just recently published a book on the subject.

Windrow, a noted writer on military and aviation history, says: 'No body of fighting men has been so inundated with ill-informed publicity as the Legion.'

His book (*French Foreign Legion:* Osprey, £1·25) sets out – as does his Mayfair article – to dispel the myths once and for all.

'Why don't we do it in the road?' the Beatles once asked on record, no doubt in the outlandish hope that some people actually might.

Well, one couple, if you recall, went, if anything, even further recently and did it on BOAC flight 591 – in full view of the other passengers.

You didn't hear the story? You doubt us? Witnesses are adamant: 'Both passengers had sexual intercourse right in plain sight of all the other passengers.' – Provided, no doubt, you pretended to go to the loo, looked over the top and peered round the corner! Can we soon expect an official adjustment of flight procedure? . . . 'We are now cruising at 40,000 feet. Women passengers are requested to unfasten their chastity belts.'

For the record: our view of *Pork*, the much-publicised Andy Warhol play cum orgy. It has been variously hailed as a coruscating satire of the American Way of Life and as an excremental flop. It has even been described as art (the worst of all possible insults, this, that could be levelled against Mr Warhol).

We dutifully – in view of Andy's past outpourings – attended the premiere at London's Round House. From the start the production bends over backwards (in some cases, of course, literally) to allow the viewer to be shocked out of his mind or, alternatively, prove how progressive he is, whichever is preferred.

Usherettes in see-through nighties vie with extras in court shoes and blue-dyed pubic hair for attention. The all-white set is, dutifully, hardly ever without a naked maiden draped somewhere.

But entertainment, artistic, erotic or otherwise? We overheard one wife saying to her critic-husband afterwards: I'm sorry I came.' 'I'm sorry I didn't,' he replied.

Johnnie Walker's guide to success.

No. 1 in a series: **A sense of occasion.**

It's no good being in the right place at the right time if nobody notices you're there.

The fact that the gilt-edged invitation called for black tie has nothing to do with it.

If you're making your bid for immortality, everyone has got to know about it.

You want to be right at the centre of things. The focal point of every gathering. Stand out in that crowd.

Maybe sometimes you'll overwork it a little.

Then, you might just need a measure of help from your old and successful friend, Johnnie Walker.

The world's most successful Scotch whisky. That smooth, mellow blend that's been getting it right on every occasion for over 150 years.

So, always keep a bottle under your wing. Then they'll know you're nobody's fool.

And maybe think they're the ones in the fancy dress.

Johnnie Walker

Take it from us, we're the world's most successful Scotch whisky.

How to see

Before you say it's not possible—try this.

Seat yourself somewhere near a pair of Sonab omni-directional stereo speakers. Playing the Stravinsky Firebird.

Close your eyes.

Then listen.

And there, right behind your closed eyelids, you'll be able to see.

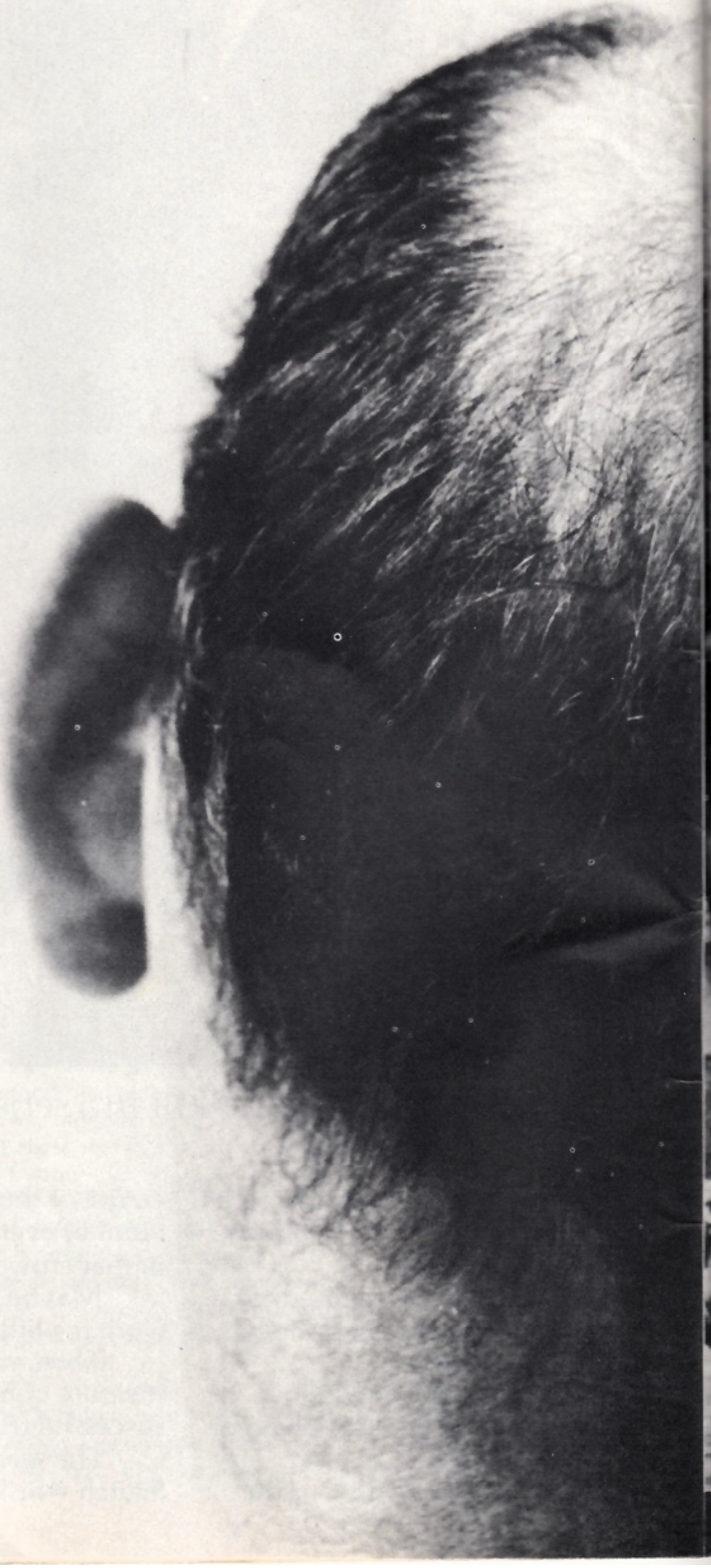
The entire orchestra. Every instrument just where it should be. Spread in front of you in an arc.

Then try the same experiment with a pair of front facing speakers.

What you see will be rather different.

Instead of an orchestra you'll see two front speakers aiming solid wedges of sound at you.

And that's all.



with your ears.

Why the difference?

The Sonab omni-directional system reproduces sound exactly as it was originally produced.

Using the acoustics of the room. Using the walls, ceiling, floor as reflecting surfaces.

It seems so simple. But it took twelve years of university research and several world patents to get the Sonab system right.

Don't take our word for it.

Try the experiment.

And see with your ears for yourself.

Write or phone us—and we'll send you the Sonab literature—and the name of your nearest stockist.

Sonab of Sweden
139 Mansfield Road, London W.3. 01-993-0849

Sexual Confidence

Famous STUD Spray for Men is easily and discreetly applied in advance, reducing over sensitivity and its resulting embarrassment and disappointment. *Helps prolong sexual pleasure.* Provides the man with increased confidence in his ability to satisfy and enjoy. 3" aerosol pack dispatched under plain cover with instructions. Orders received in strict confidence. £1·75 includes postage and packing.
STUD Products are manufactured in England under strict Quality Control conditions and are available from many leading Chemists and Stores throughout the U.K. Stud exports to 28 countries around the world.

Also manufactured by Stud:

STUD Hormone Cream
A nourishing cream that contains the female hormone, Oestrogen – for bust beauty and skin vitality. £3·00 incl.

Intimate Sexual Lubricant
Colourless, odourless, discreet spray provides intimate lubrication for men and women as aid to lovemaking. £1·75 incl.

STUD Prodamin Hygiene Tablets
An approved, modern vaginal hygiene tablet – cuts infection, provides added contraception. Foil pack of ten. 50p. incl.

STUD Creme de Caresse
Light, fluffy mousse oil prepares the body for love. Softens skin. Sensuous, stimulating. Large Spray £1·75.

STUD NUBILACTUM
A unique new cosmetic aid from Stud, for body stretch marks in pregnancy and slimming. Contains Placenta. £3·00 incl.

Dept.K10
Stud Holdings Limited,
P.O. Box 521, Chelsea,
London, S.W.3.
STUD

Please supply by return (marked "Private") the following:

Quantity:

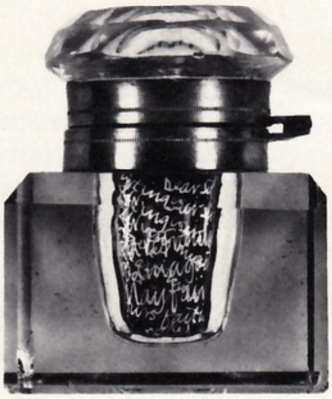
☐ Cans Stud Spray for Men
☐ Cans Stud Hormone Cream
☐ Cans Intimate Sexual Lubricant
☐ Packs Prodamin Hygiene Tablets
☐ Cans Creme de Caresse
☐ Cans NUBILACTUM

I enclose cash/P.O./Cheque……………
Name:……………
Address:……………

Outside U.K., allow extra for Air Mail postage.

STUD

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Chatting up birds can be difficult, but I think the girls are beginning to take the initiative. I was recently standing on the platform waiting for my train and when it arrived there was a general surge forward. I'd noticed this girl behind me but in the press I could feel her breasts pushing into me. We got on the train and it was standing room only. Imagine my surprise when I again felt these breasts pressing into me, only this time I was sure I could feel jutting nipples as well. It seemed deliberate enough for me to talk to the girl which I did. I didn't have time to get her name or phone number but I did establish she'd be on the same train next day. I saw her on the platform and we chatted and I duly got her phone number. I've since taken her out a number of times and we know each other pretty well. She has now confessed that her first sexual nudge was quite deliberate since she 'rather fancied me' and knew I could not be certain it was deliberate.
GHL, Hayes, Middlesex (full name and address withheld)

I was interested to read Leslie Thomas's book *'His Lordship* which you reviewed and took into your Book Society. The idea of school girls challenging a male teacher to spank them is not merely a novelist's erotic fantasy. I am just such a schoolmaster and it has happened to me. In a school it is one of the obvious, if subconscious, ways for a girl to make sexual contact with a male teacher. For many girls the older man (not too old, of course) is a powerful sexual figure. I was taking an outdoor art class drawing leaves and twigs and was using a thin supple stick as a pointer. One girl in the class, the prettiest and most provocative, was deliberately time wasting by trying to reach up for leaves out of reach. I casually, almost without thinking, flicked her across the bottom with my thin switch. She said 'Oww' and rubbed her bottom with far more vigour than necessary. She then said 'I bet you are handy with the cane', well knowing we don't have one at the school. I said 'It would be no more than you deserve to find out.' She said no more but her eyes were very bright. After the lesson we had to take the equipment back to the artroom. She lingered behind when the others had left and I said: 'Come on, or you'll feel this again' indicating the switch I was still holding in my hand. 'You wouldn't dare,' she said. 'Oh wouldn't I?' I replied, 'Bend over that desk'. To my astonishment she immediately did so. Before I could stop myself I had flipped up the back of her skirt and was presented with a neat little bottom encased in distinctly non-regulation nylon pants. I gave a couple of quick cuts and she straightened up with sharp 'ows'. I was within an ace of pulling down her pants and giving her a real spanking but good sense, or inhibitions, prevailed, and we left it at that. Her triumph was the obvious arousing effect she had had on me. Somewhere, sometime, some man is going to have a great time with that girl. I'm only sorry it won't be me.
TWW, Glasgow, Scotland (full name and address withheld on request)

Your cover of Vol. 6 No. 8 really turned me on. It may be my fevered imagination but the way your dolly bird was cupping her hands it was just as if she was about to cup me. Lovely!
J.D. (full name and address withheld)

Hold hard. What about the sand she's holding? If your pleasure is two handfuls of hot white gritties round your privates, count us out.

Your 'Quest' survey on married women on holiday was

turn to page 10

Open 24 hours a day,
7 days a week.
Try a sensational

LINDA MASSAGE

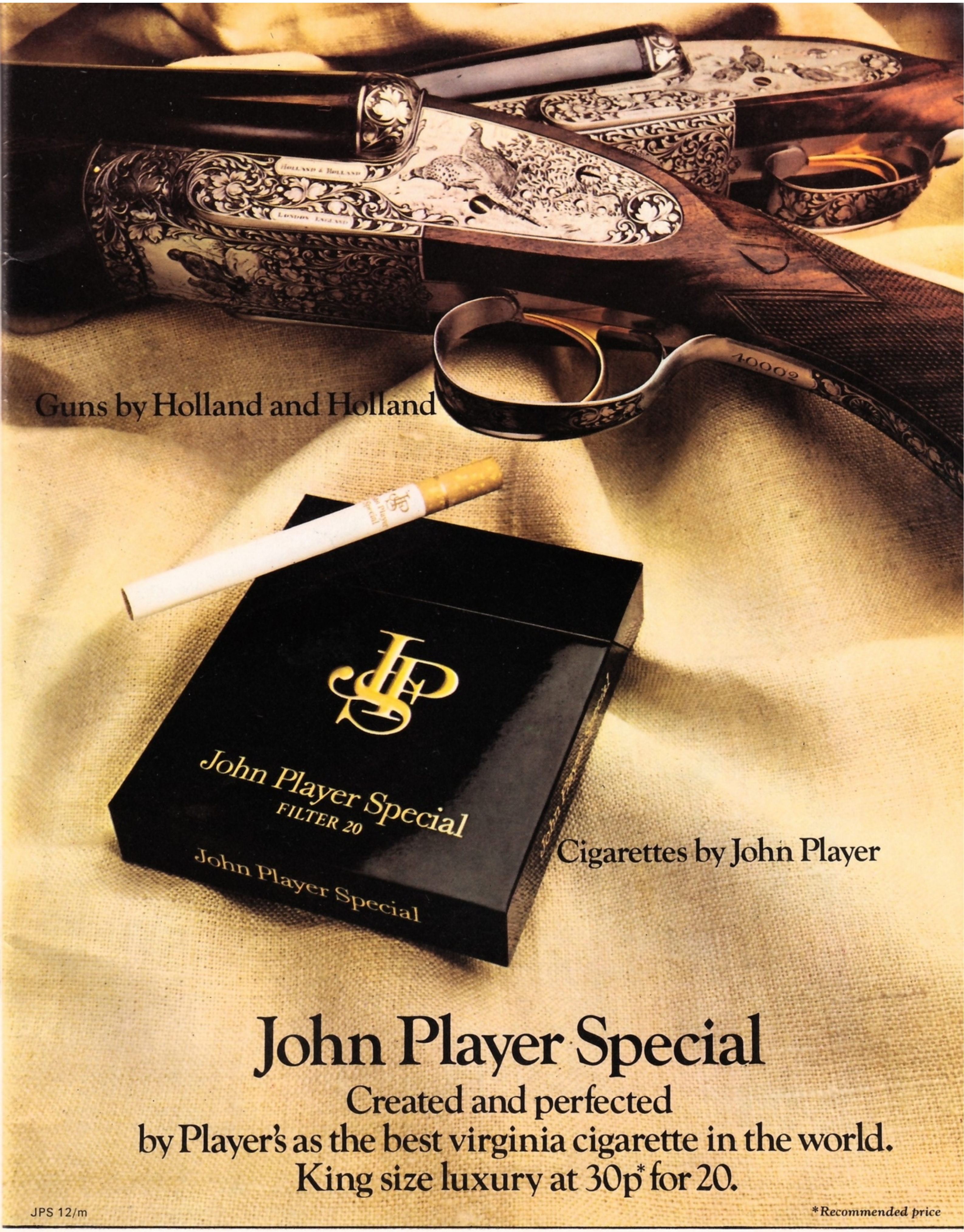
LONDON SAUNA CABINS

47, Bedford St.,
Strand, WC2.
01-240 2748

SEXOPOLY

AND TO THINK, IF IT WASN'T FOR SEXOPOLY WE'D STILL BE "JUST GOOD FRIENDS"

When your friends come round and the chat begins to dry up, and you wonder what to do next, then is the time to bring out SEXOPOLY – the board game that brings everyone back to life.
If *you* want to be with it and never without it, get your SEXOPOLY now.
Send £2·75 + 25p p & p to:–
Double S Publications
20 Stephyns Chambers,
Bank Court,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.


Holland & Holland
London England
40002
JPS
John Player Special
FILTER 20
John Player Special

Guns by Holland and Holland

Cigarettes by John Player

John Player Special

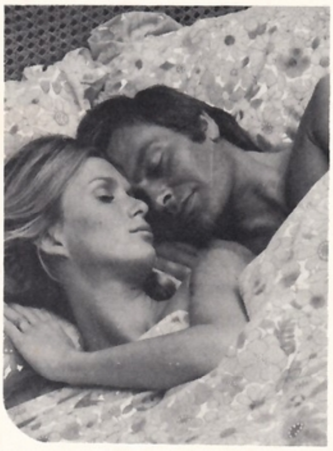
Created and perfected
by Player's as the best virginia cigarette in the world.
King size luxury at 30p* for 20.

JPS 12/m

*Recommended price

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

The best before and after.



Joking apart, a Slumberdown is a new experience in bed. It's extremely light. So you're completely free to relax. It keeps you naturally warm and cosy all through the year.

And best of all you can forget about bedmaking. With a Slumberdown it's over in 18 seconds. Try one at bedtime. You'll enjoy the in between even more.

SLUMBERDOWN Surrender to its warm embrace

14 nights FREE trial

I'd like to try a Slumberdown. Please send me FREE colour brochure with details of sizes, prices and pretty coverslips – and how to get my two-week FREE TRIAL.

NAME

ADDRESS

COUNTY

To: Sova Direct Ltd., Department 9 Alva Street, Edinburgh EH2 4PL. Tel: 031-226 6041

'sex toys'

These fabulous 'sex toys' or sexual aids and devices are fascinating and fun to use, and are important in fulfilling a satisfactory sexual union. There is no reason why couples with normal healthy sexual appetites should not benefit from their usage. Aids to choose from include fascinating and stimulating condoms, padded sheaths, prosthetics, tablets, capsules, creams, lotions, plus hundreds more. Personal callers are always welcome, or tel: Portsmouth 64183.

oscar services POST TODAY! 138 Gladys Ave Portsmouth PO2 9BW

Please send me your super colour catalogue without obligation!

NAME

ADDRESS

LETTERS

continued from page 8

quite fascinating. It certainly parallels my own experience. As a trainee manager – a bachelor and reasonably presentable – I found it far easier to make *initial* contact with married women than single birds. The absolute pushover was the married woman who came to the hotel in advance of her husband or stayed on for a few days after he left. Otherwise it was difficult since most husbands and wives tend to go about together. Even if the husband is off playing golf or something the other wives are meant to rally round and all have coffee or go shopping together.

The problem with married women, in my experience, is that they need the reassurance that you want to make love to them. Once they are sure you are in earnest they are satisfied and often baulk the last hurdle. Many's the time I have had a married bird writhing on the bed still clutching her panties and moaning that she'd love to let me have her but . . . Now, I stick to the unmarried chicks who never know where the next one's coming from.

J.K.A. (full name and address withheld)

Married women are holiday pushovers – if they're alone. My friend and I, both single, took up with two birds on the beach at Arenal. In the first five minutes we decided they had dirty minds. Strangely enough they were each wearing a number of rings and we didn't think they were married. It turned out later they'd taken off their wedding rings but put other rings on the same fingers. One of the first things they wanted to know was when we were going home. They had arrived a week later than us and we were in our second week they were in their first. We took them out the second evening intending to soften them up a bit with drinks but they didn't need it. When we later got them on the sand dunes they could hardly wait to get their pants off. Seemed like they'd been saving it all year. Later that night they confessed they were both married. We learnt afterwards why they were concerned about when we left. Their husbands were joining them for the second week. Some friends of ours who stayed on told us that all the next week they were strolling about with their husbands never looking at other men.

B.L. (full name and address withheld)

I have just seen a marvellously erotic sight. A slim haughty West Indian chick stalking along the station platform in mini skirt and these white above-the-knees stockings. An absolute knock-out. Just like the black stocking-white thigh bit in reverse.

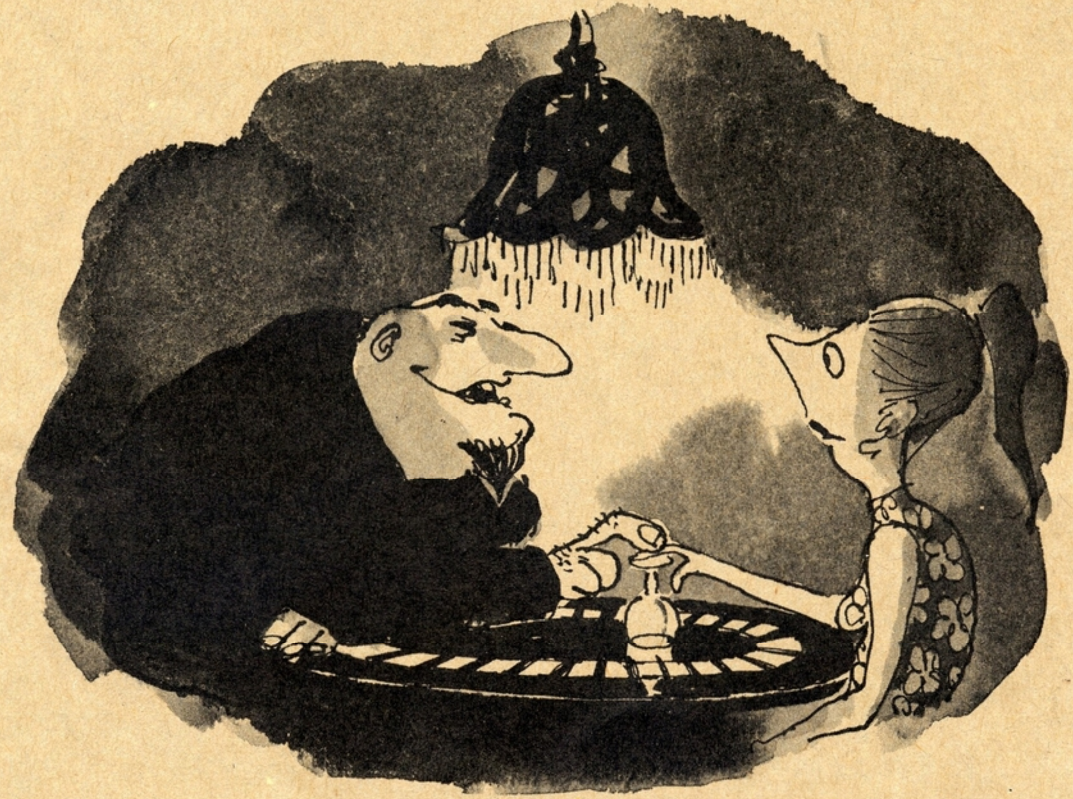
Henry Field, Chislehurst Road, Bromley, Kent.

Your perverse pleasure reminds us of the Fleet Street newspaper executive who, when he needed a little erotic art stimulus, would approach one of the artists with the command: 'Draw me a magnificent black girl – with white knickers.'

I had almost forgotten the excitement aroused by the weekly appearance through our letter box of the gaily-coloured cover of 'Tiger Tim's Weekly' in my now far-off infancy. That is until Denis Gifford, in his own inimitable way, brought it all suddenly back in his nostalgic article in your Vol.6 No.8 issue. When he touched briefly on the imported American comics of those days he selected (from a vast choice) 'Buck Rogers' – a seminal serial if ever there was. First of the science fiction, interplanetary strips, Buck (whenever I was able to find his adventures in the haphazardly shipped pulp comics) riveted my juvenile imagination completely. At school I clandestinely sketched, for circulation among the inmates, crude imitations of Rick Yager's wonderful drawings in a feeble endeavour to awaken in them the enthusiasm I had for a science orientated future. I'm told Buck passed away only in 1967 – he had stamina that boy, for a character born in 1929.

Couldn't Mr Gifford be persuaded to entertain us with reminiscences of those pre-war US comic characters which had such a powerful impact on many of my contemporaries? There was tough Dick Tracy, Jerry and the Pirates, the sickeningly sentimental Little Orphan Annie . . . Continuity we never experienced – adventures were seen only in

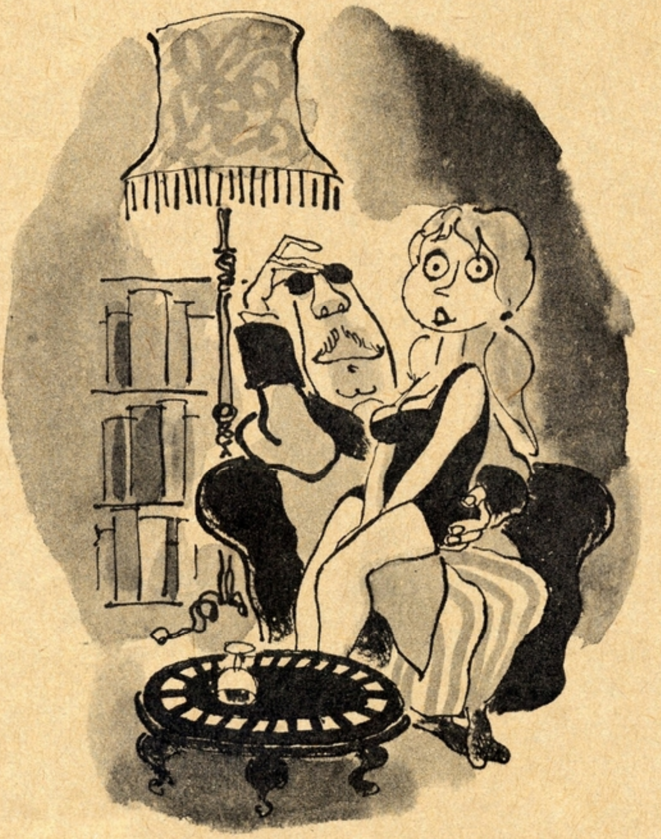
turn to page 82



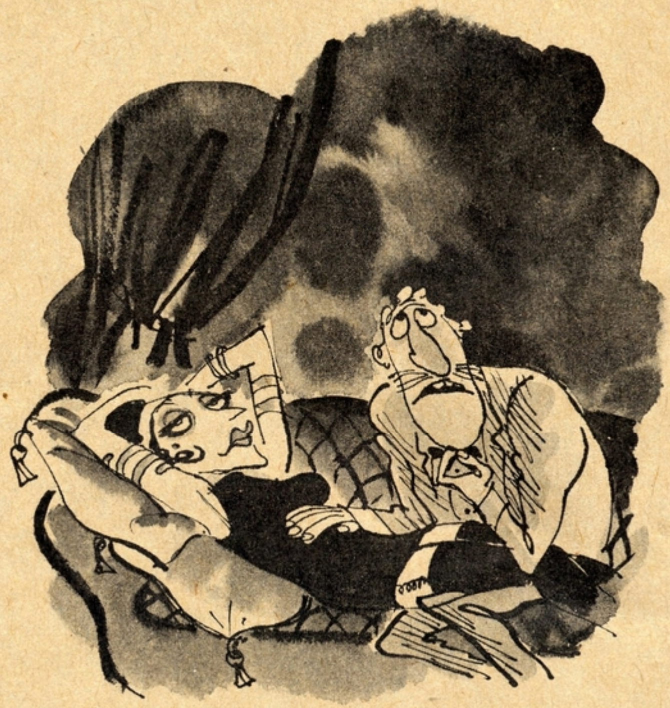
'Be careful how you answer, my dear – remember I'm allowed one knock for yes and two knocks for no.'

Behind the Séance

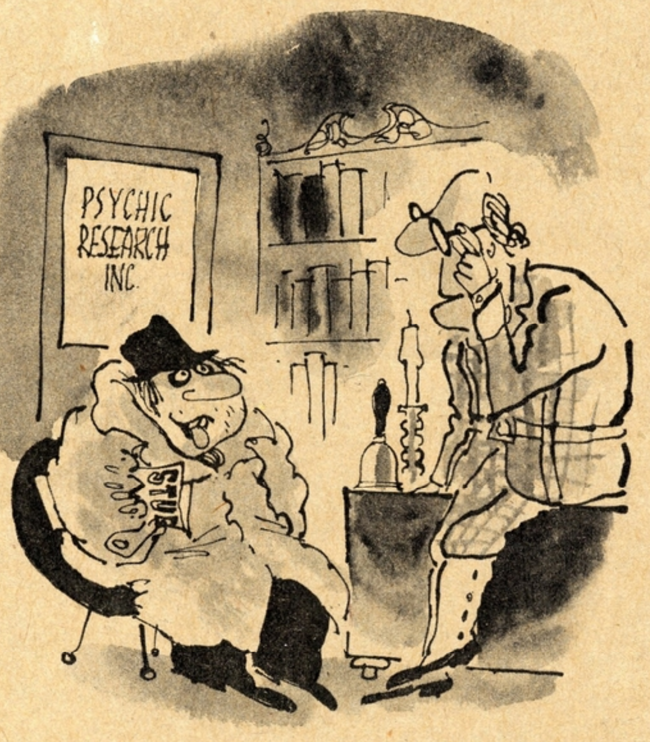
Holding hands at spirit-raising soirées, Roy Raymonde discovers, can raise positive ectoplasms of delight



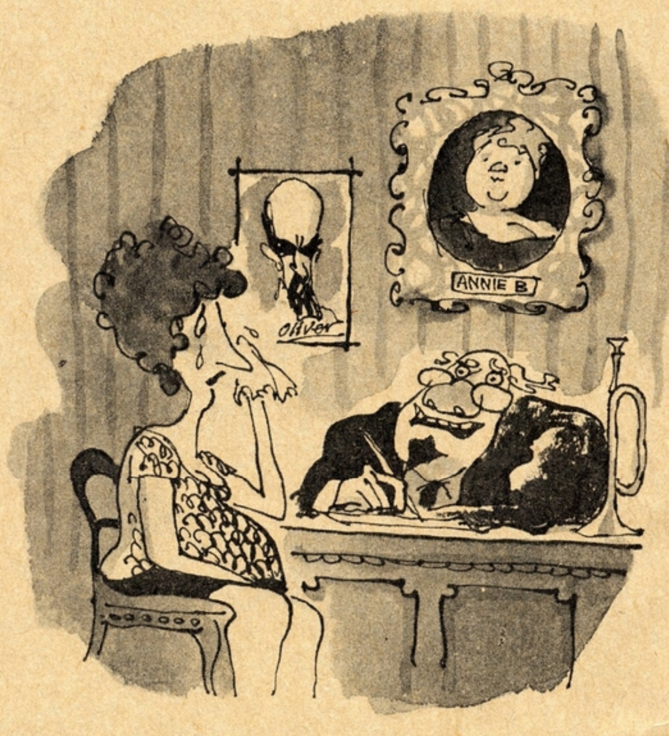
'Now you mention it, Mr Cosgrove, I CAN feel strong vibrations.'



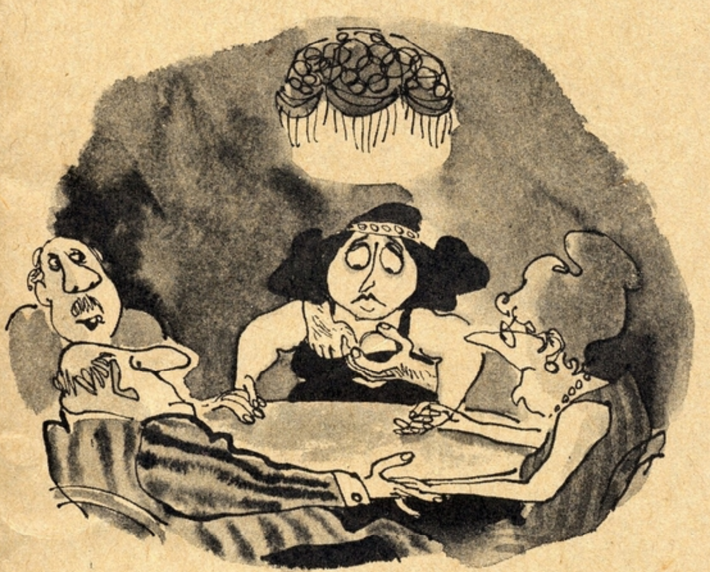
'The trouble is, Miriam, when I'm with you, I never feel we're entirely alone.'



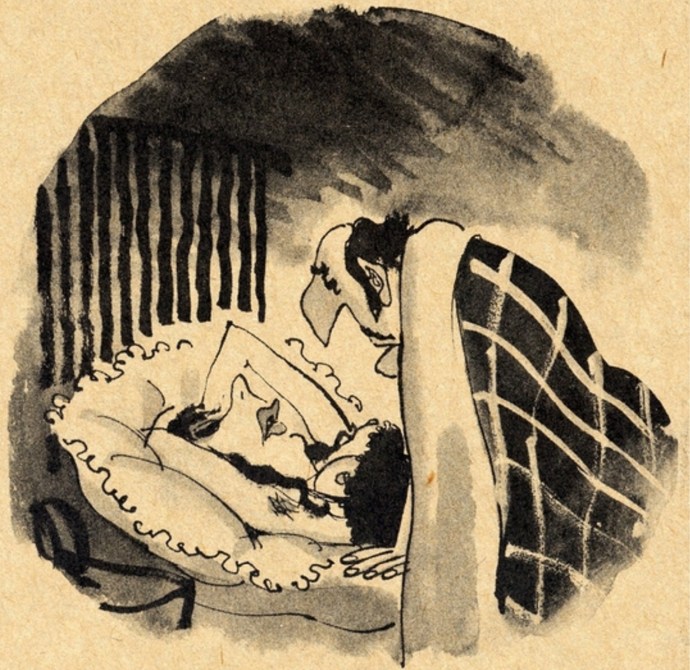
'I appreciate your interest in our activities, Mr Rampton, but ghost laying isn't entirely the procedure you seem to have in mind.'



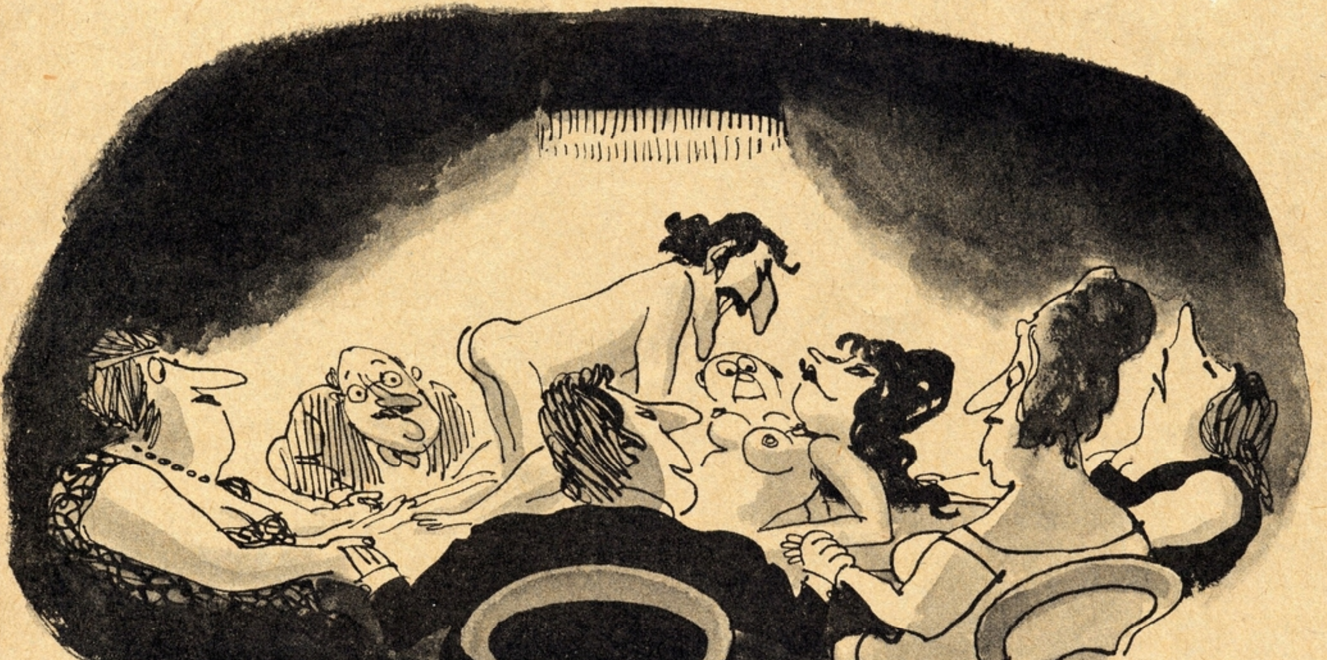
'If what you say is true, Miss Rollicking, this is the breakthrough we in Psychic Research have waited years for.'



'That's Arthur, all right – he always said if he couldn't take it with him he'd come back for it.'



'For God's sake, Zelda – stop asking if there's anybody there.'



'If this doesn't get through to old Charlie Arkwright, then nothing will!'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

In the old joke about the man who couldn't come, he used to send his brother. But **Blue Dreams** by William Hanley (W. H. Allen £2.30), is a different story.

Walter Hartman, New York television executive and faithful to his wife, was desirous of his due connubial exercises late one Christmas-tide. Alas, his spouse, a well-fleshed sensual dame, was so whacked from entertaining friends that she had taken a sleeping pill. And that rendered her not so much unwilling as too sleepy, as well as contraceptively unprepared for the whole shebang. Every time Walter managed to get her legs apart and her knees elevated, her slack and somnolent limbs just sunk back again in total torpor. At last he got her awake enough to welcome his thrusts – but also alert enough to discourage his ejaculation before she paid a swift visit to the bathroom between orgasms (even married women may not want babies).

Upon her return Walter noticed that the result of holding his sphincter muscles tight against release was to leave his organ engorged, throbbing, and as he re-entered his wife, strangely absent in sensation.

“He felt as though he could go for ever and started slowly in long languorous strokes until her breath began to quicken and he felt the self-seeking response of her hips. He quickened his pace, bringing her along fast. He had yet to feel anything himself when finally, gasping, she opened her mouth and squealed, then convulsed, as always, with a long constricted sigh . . . He was perplexed at his failure to join her in her second climax. He rested only an instant this time, then resumed again. She uttered a surprised note of interrogation, then lent herself breathily to his purpose.”

It must have been soon after her seventh orgasm that Walter's wife, sore and weary, subsided gratefully into a sex-and-sleeping-pill induced slumber. But Walter, drenched in sweat, was pained to find himself still an upstanding fellow. Lucky Walter. His wife's sister, a mouthwatering film star called Faith, is staying with them for Christmas. Did I say mouth-watering? This is how Faith takes Walter to the bosom of the family:

‘ “Have you been sitting there with that all along?” she whispered, almost accused, mingling lust with sympathy . . .“I believe this has your name on it,” he grinned. “You need a closer look.” Her hands slid, cool and smooth, across his shoulders and clasped at the back of his neck. “Noel, baby,” she murmured and kissed him. Her hands travelled down his back and over his hips. “Oh, boy,” she whispered, seizing one hand's prize.

“It's a projection of things to come,” he murmured helplessly. She was evidently too aroused and preoccupied to be amused. His starving hands were voracious; he filled them with her, then emptied them, and filled them again elsewhere on her. Then her mouth left his and she dragged her lips down the length of his body, her eyes closed, and, like a birth-blind kitten went to the source of life, her lips closing softly on it. He nearly fainted. And held her head with both hands as much to support himself as to encourage her. Finally, she rose from him, upright on her knees again, lips glistening. “How do you like it so far?” she said, and pulled him down.’

The kith-and-kin cherishing Faith solaces Walter twice more that happy Christmas-tide. Second time out she approached him with a large aerosol can. Exotic scents, he wondered? Then he watched with delighted apprehension as she leaned forward and released on him a blob of creamy-white whipped cream. While the delectable shock of that cold on his heat still stirred him, Faith leaned over Walter and ‘deliciously removed the topping from his whipped cream lollipop.’

‘ “Get the idea?” she asked. He did. He uttered a small happy cry and, snatching the can from her hand, pushed her down. “Let's play doctor,” he said, “open wide and say ah.” Within a quarter of an hour he had half-emptied the can. She warned him finally, squirming, giggling, that he mustn't overdo it – it must be fattening.’

And when they knew it had to be the last time, and they had already performed well together, Walter sadly excused his early departure with ‘ “I'll be late for supper . . .” He took her hand and stepped toward the door. “No,” she said, restraining him. She drew him back toward the large oval black Formica-topped table. Before he knew what was happening she had lain back upon it, drawn her shift to her neck and pulled him down after her. “Supper's on the table,” she whispered.’

All this coming and going has interesting effects on Walter's actual marriage. His wife, whom he had thought unadventurous and uninspiring, eagerly adapts to tongue-play, cunningly-placed mirrors for watching themselves in, Polaroid camera, and all. She attributes her new spirit of exploration to ‘girl-talk’ with sister Faith, but then she inadvertently shatters an article of Walter's own faith: he'd always believed his wife had been a virgin when they married. Every man is entitled to one virgin, is Walter's credo. The disappointment, even so many years after the event, sends him spinning along a dizzy helter-skelter of extramarital affairs.

There's Bonnie the Indian actress: ‘In the bathtub, she knelt before him, gripping the backs of his legs, her wet, gleaming body flapping and jumping like a caught fish, hanging by the mouth on a tender hook; he clinging for support with both hands to the gushing shower head that drenched them both. Then she was seated, dripping and slip-

pery, on the edge of the tub while it became his turn to do homage on his knees, on the cold tile floor.'

There's the office secretary who plays the memo-pad game while he's on the phone. I don't have any pants on, she writes. You're kidding he replies, and strokes her lower thigh. To aid his quest for the truth she leans forward across his desk as if looking for a paper. When the phone call is over Walter tells her: ' "Can you spare an hour at five – there's some unfinished business I'd like to finish up." She gives him a steamy glance and says, "I'll have it on your desk as soon as possible".'

What finishes for Walter, though, is coming home unexpectedly early and finding his wife in bed with – another woman! A dame, in fact, who had been playing threesomes with Walter and another at suburban sex parties. Walter promptly has a nervous breakdown, which consists of uttering short obscene expletives to everyone and everything, and finding delight only in watching old movies on the telly. More than a month of this dreary existence goes by for Walter, safely immured in a mental hospital. Luckily, though, he has a beautiful blonde and understanding young nurse. Observant, too, for she notices that when she takes his pulse in the evening, he is carrying a lonely and wistful erection. Poor man, thinks she, where could it go to!

Like a true sister of mercy she decides to help him. Her exploring hand seeks him out under the hospital bedclothes, and she gives him the eager benefit of a nineteen year old girl's back-of-car experience. Walter's evident delight at the almost - forgotten pleasure evokes a dreamy response in the nurse. When she whispers 'And I'm a virgin too!' Walter makes the first smile grow on her face she has even seen appear – and speaks his first untainted word in 42 days. 'Vir . . . gin?' he says.

Nurse Mary feels she has virtually cured him – single-handed. Walter's gasps quicken with the quickening pace of her determined, happily pounding fist. And then – a moral tale after all: Walter's startled heart betrays him. His first virgin proves his last climax, and he is a fountain in a midsummer night's dream.

THE
SHINYDENT
TOOTHPASTE MAN
HERE
S.McMurtry.

'Now, how in heavens could a steamroller get itself stuck up to the neck in toothpaste?'

FILMS

David Quinlan

'You've got lovely Bristols,' says Susan George's screen boy-friend (Dennis Waterman) in her new film, **Fright** (X). And so she has. But talent, too. The gradual maturity of Miss George (soon to be seen in The Straw Dogs opposite Dustin Hoffman) as an actress takes one step further here in her fine study of mounting hysteria.

It's she who is responsible for most of the edgy moments in this slightly nasty chiller, as a homicidal psychotic (a wild performance by Ian Bannen) returns to his family mansion to stalk the baby-sitter (Susan) while his wife (Honor Blackman) is out for the evening with her new beau (George Cole).

Director Peter Collinson piles on the suspense with a none-too-steady hand, going almost over the top on more than one occasion. Miss Blackman isn't quite up to her Joan Crawford-type role, but Miss George, cardigan asunder and eyes awry, really sustains the horror hokum at fever pitch. The scene where she has to let Bannen, who thinks she's his wife, make love to her is particularly unnerving. Both Bristols and talent get a pretty fair airing, and Miss George looks set for a big star career.

Lovers are getting younger. The naked grapplers in **Friends** (X) are 15 and 14 respectively, two unwanted sub-teens who run away together to the Camargue, and set up home there and, eventually, baby too. The 'children' (Sean Bury and Anicee Alvina) strike poses together, but lack both the cheek and the talent to carry the naive parable off.

A girl in the nude playing a 'cello. A marijuana orgy for grown-ups. A song full of four-letter words. A man eating an egg with its shell on. You'll find them all in Milos Forman's **Taking Off** (X), one more film about the Generation Gap and the bridging thereof. Although Lynn Carlin is as dishy a middle-aged mum as you'll see all year, the film can't seem to pull itself together into a fluid whole and make us laugh, or cry, or anything in particular. Mr. Forman wanders so far into emotional no man's land that it all becomes a bore. That is, until Miss Carlin starts shedding her clothes at a game of Texas One-Card Strip. That's when I woke up, and the film really did take off. But not, I fear, the way the director intended.

The Abominable Dr. Phibes, given an X here, although passed for all ages in the States, is a sometimes-funny spoof horror piece that would have been total fun had it been total spoof. As it is, though the decor is delightful, the murders are a shade grisly, and the pace at times ponderous.

Phibes (Vincent Price) is a madman who, from the depths of his grandiose thirties mansion, vows to kill the ten-man surgical team 'responsible' for the death of his wife. The deaths he devises for them are based on the ten curses that afflicted Pharaoh in the Bible. Phibes' cinema organ which graces the beginning and the end is rather splendid, as is his accompanying sextet of clockwork musicians; and we are assured of a sequel in the future. What more could any red-blooded Vincent Price fan want?

The hero of **One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch** (A) is a born survivor. He has to be. For he works in a Siberian labour camp.

Ivan's day starts with a meal of boiled grass and stewed fish-eyes. It gets less pleasant as the hours wear on. And yet, although the early part of the film is heavy going, the overall effect is not one of bleak despair, but of resolution and hope.

Tom Courtenay is absorbingly good as Ivan: the supporting acting varies in quality. But the director, Caspar Wrede, with his control of shape, pace and movement, seems a rare find indeed.

Selected Titles from

The Mayfair Book Society

Erotic Art of the East

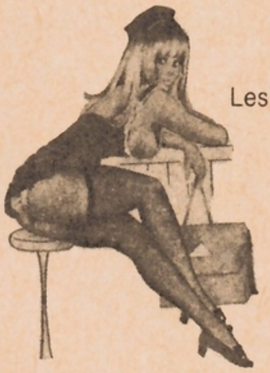
Never before has a book containing such displays of detailed and sexually explicit behaviour been available in this country. This large format book, superbly printed on fine quality paper in a limited edition of only *one hundred* copies can only be purchased in this country through the Mayfair Book Club. The hundreds of graphic black and white and full page colour illustrations of oriental sculpture and paintings are so explicit in their portrayal of all forms of sexual intercourse and manual stimulation that we are not allowed to reproduce an example here. In the text, scholar Phillip Rawson, presents a frank and knowledgeable appraisal of the significance of eroticism in the development of Eastern art, making this a priceless addition to your book collection or a valuable coffee table book. But remember there are only 100 copies available. Order yours now

Price £8·40, postage and packing free.

Erotic Art

Here are 41 colour and 400 black and white plates of the supremely erotic in art. This book, up to the present day a forbidden subject, is an astounding catalogue of man's sexual phantasies recorded by the world's artists among them Rembrandt, Picasso, and Salvador Dali. Here at last it is possible to compare the rich and explicit sensual art of the Japanese with the arousing Western fetishism of stockings and suspender belts. Here is every aspect of sex and phantasy portrayed in paintings, drawings photo-montages and sculpture. It is a world pictorial of sex from ancient Chinese erotic manuals to the boss and secretary having sex in a car. A great number of these pictures could never be shown in a magazine. Now we can offer them between the covers of this immaculately printed book. This valuable connoisseur's volume will be fully appreciated by all those with an interest in the erotic aspects of art.

Price £6·30, postage and packing free



HIS LORDSHIP

Leslie Thomas's novel of a male teacher at a girls' school: 'In a boys' school you'd get six of the best on your backside.' She pushed her breasts at him and said: 'Why don't you try me?'

Price £1·75 plus 15p postage

akt im lichtbild

Daring and uncompromising photographs of some of the most physically superb women in Europe, pictured in unashamed moments of private abandon, unaware of the all-seeing camera. Compiled from the files of some of Germany's top photographers and printed on high quality paper in full page colour and black and white, these unretouched pictures hide nothing of the female form while portraying its true aesthetic beauty

Price £4·20, p/p 15p (post free to subscribers)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX–

But were afraid to ask

This book with its subtitle 'but were afraid to ask' is the frankest and most informative sex book of our age. Its language is simple and conversational, its message shatteringly clear. We all have limits to our sexual knowledge. This book gives plain answers: What do homosexuals do together? Do aphrodisiacs work? Can a man have a vagina? Is the rear entry position natural? Do many men suffer from premature ejaculation? What can a man do with two girls at the same time? Do nymphomaniacs ever have orgasms? There is no question too intimate for a full and detailed answer

Price £2, p/p 20p (post free to subscribers)

PRETTY THING

Every few years an erotic classic comes along to rank alongside Candy and Lady Chatterley's Lover. Such is 'Pretty Thing'. It is one of the world's most outrageously sexy books. Pretty Thing is a beautiful but incredibly innocent young girl who embarks on a political career. The men and women she meets have other ambitions for her but she never realises what until too late. Thus: 'Pretty Thing shivered and writhed: "Oh is that really necessary? It makes me feel all funn-nnee!"'

Price £1·60, p/p 15p (post free to subscribers)

The first book
to really *show* you . . .

Sexual Techniques

This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate positions of lovemaking. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking which the reader can study in depth and emulate in his or her search for fulfilment

By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members who may find this book too frank and we warn purchasers of its very revealing nature

Price £2·25 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

SEX AND THE SINGLE MAN

Every red blooded male's book on how and where to meet and make both the married and single woman. When is adultery allowable? Dr. Ellis advances original thinking on sex with married women and lays down rules for success, showing how to conduct an affair without detection

Price £1·80 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

The London Spy

An expert guide to
London's dollies . .
which parks and cafes
to find them in. Plus
sophisticated descriptions of the city's less
innocent pleasures . . .
the girls behind those
'Kitten For Sale' cards.
A group of distinguished
writers give the
lowdown on fun London

Price £2·25 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

Clip out this coupon and send it to: **MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY,** 95A Chancery Lane, London, WC2

I wish to become a member of the Mayfair Book Society. I understand this places me under no obligation whatever to purchase any specified number of books – but it will give me the advantage of priority service on the books I want. I am over the age of 18.

Please send me the following books (BLOCK CAPITALS, please): ....

....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for .... I am/am not a subscriber (delete as necessary)

Please send no books now, but place me on your mailing list ....

Name .... Address ....

.... Date ....

This coupon is for your convenience, but we shall be happy to accept orders on plain paper. Don't forget to write your name and address clearly on every order for books. All orders sent in unmarked brown, staple fastened envelopes

M610

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

In theory, the bigger the band, the wider and more complete the sound. Big bands, if only they fully realised it, start with a loaded advantage in pop music. American record producer, Phil Spector showed how it could be done when he put several pianos, as many drummers and a dozen acoustic and bass guitars onto his backing for the Ronettes and other stateside groups.

On **Beatles, Bach and Bacharach** (Decca PFS 4201), the Ted Heath Orchestra seem to have missed the point of the exercise. With the range of material available from these three sets of composers and the arrangements possible, this could have been the definitive up-tempo, foot-stamping, bebop album. Instead there are few sparks of life here. The sounds are controlled, polished but unexciting.

A young lady called Lesley Duncan makes her debut on **Sing, Children Sing** (CBS 64202) beautifully. The songs, written by Lesley herself, are full of gentle but meaningfully pointed lyrics directed at the society that has reared her. These are songs for late evening full of rich phrases and some sad regrets. The three that stand out for me are 'Lullaby,' the title track, and 'Help Me Jesus.' The easy, lilting backing, the well thought-out words and Miss Duncan's unforced voice, on these three, really got through to me. This is one to play when the world is getting you down.

Ho Hum (Deram SML 1083) by a new group called Whistler is a recently released album that has had very few (if any) plays on radio and I'm very surprised.

The best track is, 'Blind Leading the Blind.' 'Help me,' 'Machine' and 'Do it for Mother,' are not far behind either. I would recommend you to listen to this one.

Amaryllis (Decca SKL 5081) from Bread Love and Dreams is a purely listening album. The title track, first performed during the Edinburgh Festival, occupies the whole of the first side. Basically a song of hope for the future, it heralds a new generation breaking through to the light of their new world. If the poetry of the words is pretentious in places, it's lifted by the quite beautiful harmonics of David McNivern and Angie Rew. In places the folk-rock backing almost swings too.

On **Thirds** (Probe SPB 1038) the James Gang, a three-man band from America, currently going down well in Britain and with a projected tour in the offing, have put together a mixture of power and peace. The great strength of this LP is in the range of instrumental work – the electric piano riffs, the wide spectrum of the bass which alternately thumps and caresses and the high flying acoustics of the lead guitar. Altogether a very impressive album with those occasional bursts of brilliance that seem to spark out of all the best LPs.

'Oh, blast! Mine are bloody Warfarin again'

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

What does the Grand Life really cost? Supposing that you have decided to damn the expense, and take an evening at the most luxurious restaurants in London – what bill would you expect to pay?

Well, the answer has come up this month: that it pays to shop around, even in the 'no-expense-spared' world.

Le Grand Vefour restaurant has been opened in Belgravia for some months now. It is part of the Belgravia Royal Hotel in Pont Street and there is little doubt that it has been a success. If not they have paid the local Rolls-Royce agent to park his stock of cars outside the restaurant foyer each night. Our total dinner bill for two at Le Grand Vefour amounted to exactly £20, and it is interesting to know that their prices are very much more expensive than those of other restaurants of a corresponding standard.

The Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane has recently opened a magnificent restaurant called **La Fontaine,** which is a symphony of delicious food served in an atmosphere reminiscent of '1920s-nostalgia.' In La Fontaine, the long-forgotten art of service has been revived under the deft hand of Dante and his team.

Similar standards of perfection are strived after at Le Grand Vefour, but the price of sitting at their table is a robust 40p per person against the more conservative 30p couvert per person at La Fontaine in the Grosvenor House Hotel.

At Le Grand Vefour, our oeuf brouille hors-d'oeuvre and bowl of St-Germain-aux-croutons soup cost £2.70, believe it or not, whereas La Fontaine ask a more reasonable £1·70 for avocado pear with crab mousse and a turtle soup with sherry.

The price for two main-course dishes at Le Grand Vefour, a Carre d'Agneau Cecilia and a Turbot Roti came to £5, with two side salads totalling an additional £1, and at La Fontaine the Salade Pierre and the Salade Japonaise total 90p, and the two main dishes Tournedos au Poivre Flambe Barbara and Escalope de Veau Margarita came to £3·90 altogether.

Le Grand Vefour also lost (or won) the price contest on the sweet trolley, their poire vefour and one portion of tarte together costing £1·80, whilst the average price for sweet dishes at La Fontaine was 75p. Similarly, cafe maison for two at La Fontaine showed on the menu at 40p, whereas at Le Grand Vefour they will ask you for 70p for two coffees.

The prices for wines at these two Grand Restaurants were remarkably close to each other, although we noticed that the champagnes at Le Grand Vefour were slightly more expensive than the similar bottles at La Fontaine. We paid £2·95 for a chateau bottled wine at Le Grand Vefour, and £2·75 for a similar wine in La Fontaine.

The total bill at Le Grand Vefour accumulated to the figure of £17·20, to which is added a service charge of 15 per cent, namely £2·60, and the grand total came to £19·80. So you will see that it is possible to obtain similar food, wine and service at La Fontaine for several pounds less than the expenditure in which you could be involved if you had not compared prices and taken advice.

In spite of what we tell you, we are sure that Le Grand Vefour will make its mark as a notable addition to the great restaurants of London. There are people who will prefer to take their classic cuisine in the more intimate atmosphere and smaller room. The Grosvenor House cannot, by nature of its architectural layout, be anything less than a Grand Restaurant in the grand and spacious manner. The enormous sunken cocktail lounge adjoins the restaurant room, and the feeling of the room is one of the great occasion rather than an air of intimate repast.

There is room in London with its 11 million inhabitants for both of these fine houses – but if we were spending our own money, we know which one we would choose!

Booth's & Orange

Say Booth's first.

And discover a fine edge of flavour that makes all the difference to tonic, cola, bitter lemon, soda, orange, lime, ginger beer, sweet or dry vermouth.

Always put Booth's first, when you want something really different to happen.

Booth's Gin. Experience it soon.

Christina

This summer just recently past could well be hers. In the sense that one day, years hence, Christina Lindberg may remember it as when, for the first time, she managed to catch the eye of a public suddenly eager to see more of her. Over several months now her face has appeared in the pages of a newspaper here and on a magazine cover there. Christina at Cannes, Christina at the opening of her new film . . . Christina simply smiling. The 'clever' girl – that's what they call her – from Copenhagen is beginning to acquire the familiarity that leads to fame. Mayfair makes possible at last a rather more considered, lingering look at the complete Christina: a girl who instantly

turns heads and causes men
to marvel at her
thirty-nine perfect inches.
'Exposed', some
say aptly, was the title of
her last film
and her most recent opened
in London not
long ago. It's called 'What
Are You Doing
After the Orgy?' 19*-year-old*
Christina says
it's funny. It is. And she
is just great.

GIRL WEIGHING GOLD

She was an obsession, to which his mind returned constantly and inevitably

Fiction by Landreth Leaper

'You call me Alice.'
'Yes, why not? That's your name.'
'But it's the way you say it. It's not English, you see.'
'No?'
'No. Would you mind if I asked you to say it this way: Alice?'
She pronounced it as though it were French. *Al-eece.* With the stress on the second syllable. Aleece. Aleece. Aleece.
'Yes, that's right. Nicer, isn't it?'
1665, in Arabic characters. *turn to page 27*

ILLUSTRATION BY KATE BURNESS

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

Foamy green waters bubble and tingle, the fresh tang of deep green continental forests spikes the air . . . badedas with its mysterious extract of horse chestnuts is weaving its old magic. Forget about soap. Just lie there . . . wallow . . . being cleansed more kindly, more gently than you'd believe possible. But it's what happens afterwards that matters, to the re-born, invigorated you. Call it Lebenslust if you will (the French shrug it off as joie de vivre). The British simply revel in it

badedas

badedas
VITA BATH GELEE
For Foam Baths and Showers
badedas
TA BATH GELEE

the most stimulating thing since bathing itself – with extract of horse chestnuts

GIRL WEIGHING GOLD

continued from page 24

Girl, weighing gold. The idea of love overshadowed by other passions.

And the mirror, reflecting her head and bare shoulders.

Or testing the weights of her scales.

Een Juffertje die goud weegt.

A dark blue jacket trimmed with ermine.

The table cover of dark blue.

Hazardous and fragile.

The floor of black and white tiling.

Her forehead framed by long braids.

Alice, at the end of the day, having rushed home from school, and changed, and out again, and refusing all her mother's anxious enquiries about tea and supper. Now she's standing on the steps, above the town square, waiting. It's nearly dark, but the city lights, and wet gold mosaics, and the snow on the ground, still make it easy for me to see her. In fact there's a soft fine snow falling down through the air, and moving across the background of her dark suede coat, and her face. Against the brick façade of a black church, and when she raises her eyes, she can just see the faint blur of the gold minute hand on the church clock.

She carries an umbrella, but she doesn't want to bother opening it, and the snow falls gently onto her head, lingers there a moment, as a transient crystal beauty, and then slowly fades into the darkness of her hair. Sometimes she shakes her head, and her hair moves lightly and carelessly about her shoulders, and then she is still again.

Long lashes against her pale face. The wristwatch she's just looked at, a golden flash against her thin white wrist. She's been here now just about two or three minutes, not very long, and she's not at all impatient. In fact she's enjoying this wait, enjoying the falling night and the falling snow. Because she seems to be surrounded by the very essence of happiness. It's in her shining eyes, the very curve of her body, the position of her foot, her arm. Happy girl, on a cold winter evening.

People come up and down the steps, a cold dreamy turquoise light on their faces. Down from the darkened city parks higher up, or up from the river down beyond the square. On their way home from offices and warehouses, factories and shops, all hurrying. The old and the young. Against the ornate and elaborate railings. Hedges of snow-fringed privet, and a sudden flurry of snow about her. The wet jewelled windows of buses far below. Some of the people on the steps notice her. That boy: he saw her, and if she turned her head, though she doesn't, she'd see that when he got to the top of the steps he turned round to look at her again, and stay there a moment. No wonder. He saw that strange quiet beauty about her, not just her appearance, but something more subtle than that, difficult to define. Beauty and loveliness, and the realisation of a boy's dream. Delicate loveliness. So he must have thought, because in the end he turns away, sadly, as though realising she cannot be for him. Is she pleased to have been a dream for someone, someone whom she never knew even existed? Or rather, *would* she have been pleased?

Now she closes her eyes for just a second, and there's a little smile upon her lips. Patches of blue shadow: a drawing in the Albertina. Was it a wish she made? One she knew would come true? Brass and copper reflections. Hexagonal glass-sided columns, that slide up and down the buildings of the street. Silent waxen bells of white around her as she waits.

And now she sees me, running up the steps, taking her hand, kissing her cheek gently so as to be careful of her make-up. The expression in her eyes, that expression of happiness, is so intense as almost to bring tears to my own. And we both go down, into the street, hand in hand, and I say something to her, and she laughs, and looks up at me, and then we are both lost in the city crowds, on our way to some dream of loveliness and happiness and adventure, together.

Now she closes her eyes, just for a second.

Now she closes her eyes.

Closes her eyes.

A girl asleep.

The schoolgirl rose and rain-beaten petals, sweetly innocent essence of water and essence of flower.

Leaning her head upon her right hand.

Glass like lace.

Water-blue forget-me-nots, pressed between the pages of a book.

She wears a pointed black cap and a brown bodice.

White collar.

Part of a map. The upper part of a lion-headed chair.

Her bare knees parted, the smooth and warm flesh of her thighs.

'School is absolutely boring.'

'You could have many interests.'

'Such as what?'

'Well, I'm interested in what you are, and I'd be quite pleased, really I would, if you happened to like, genuinely like, something I'd shown to you. A book, some music, a poem. I'm always glad when someone likes something I do.'

'Oh, you won't *listen*, will you?'

No answer.

'I'm not talking about things like that.'

No answer.

'Is Mr McCann in?'

'I don't know. Probably not. Do you want to talk to him?'

'No, but if he's out, we could go and talk in your room?'

'We could. Certainly. But it's nearly your bed-time. And it's all right here.'

'It would be better in your room.'

No answer.

'I mean, we could be very friendly, couldn't we?'

No answer.

'Shall *I* be frank with *you*?'

No answer.

'We could go to bed together. I mean, obviously you like me, and I like you . . .'

The voice of a shrill angel. Her profile in a certain way.

No answer.

'*Are* you offended? Shocked?'

'No.'

'Then you agree?'

'Of course not.'

'Why not?'

'Silly child. There are a thousand reasons.'

Without being able to say where an orgasm started, or where it died away. Tongue against tongue, hands stroking the small pert bottom, her small but perfect breasts, soft and yet firm to touch, her resistance for a moment, beginning to undress with shaking trembling hands. The most sensitive, the cold blue flame.

'I went out, when I was eleven, with a man in his forties.'

No answer.

'I suppose you could say he seduced me.'

'Alice, how do you think I know whether

turn to page 75

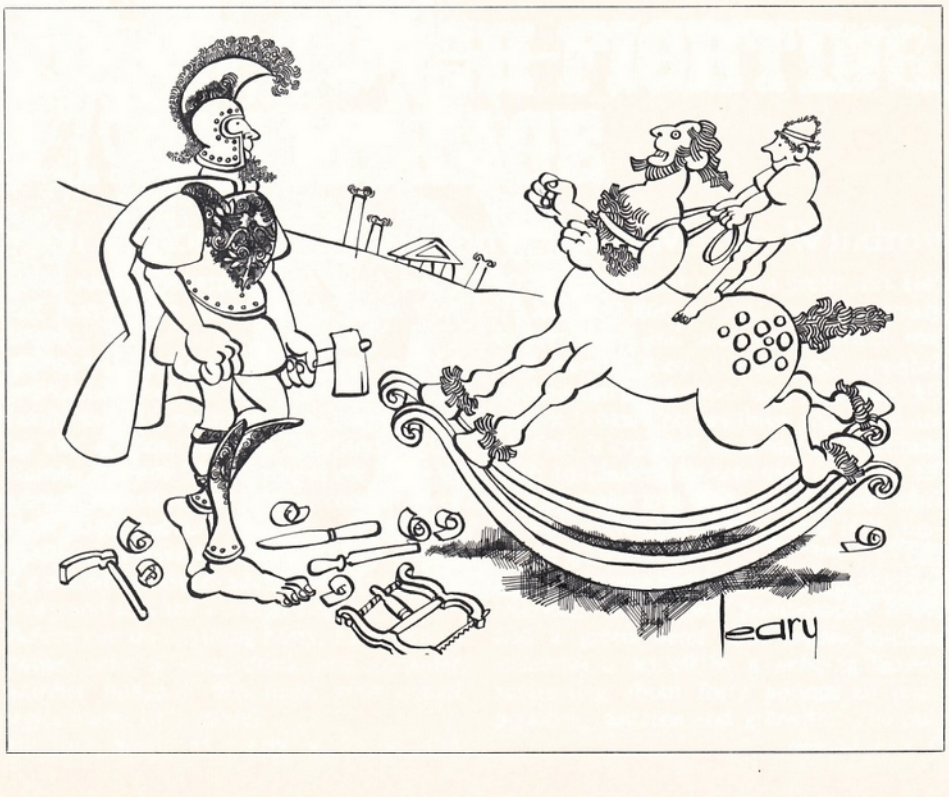


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

THE HARD-RIDING, TOUGH-FIGHTING, WOMANISING... BIG MIRAGE

Most people's idea of the Foreign Legion is a romantic myth, says Martin Windrow

Picture, if you will, the man who springs to mind when you hear the words 'French Foreign Legion.' If the confectioners of Hollywood and retailers of popular myth have done their job thoroughly during your formative years, you will see in your mind's eye a tall, handsome figure with pencil-thin moustache, hair apparently fashioned from patent leather and profile chiselled to perfection, rejoicing possibly in the name of Ralph Strongheart.

His uniform must, of course, include a jaunty képi worn at a suitably rakish angle, gleaming top-boots and a flowing cloak. Years ago young Ralph committed a youthful indiscretion which bowed his father's proud white head in shame. Torn by remorse, Ralph fled the accusing gaze of polite society, determined to find a lonely but honourable grave as a stepson of France.

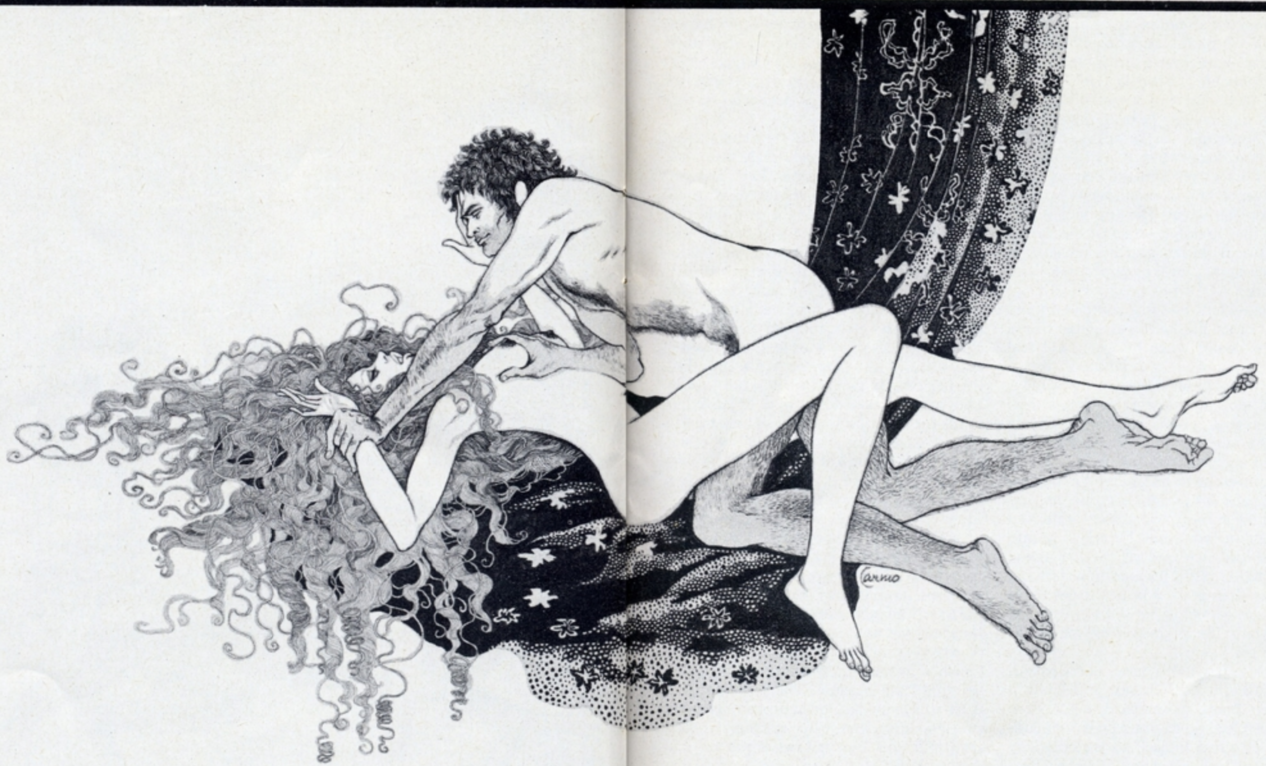
If you, too, have committed some youthful indiscretion which has dishonoured the family name; if your heart has been broken by the callous, tinkling laughter of the woman in your life; if you crave a life of adventure and mystery in surroundings of Oriental splendour; if any or all of these misfortunes have befallen you, then accept a piece of informed advice . . . *do not* run away and join the Foreign Legion.

Before you do anything hasty, I beg you to pause, take a long drink and consider another image – this time, your *actual* legionnaire, 1971 model.

He isn't nearly as pretty as Ralph, I'm afraid. Functional, yes, but pretty, no. He's in his mid-thirties and has a homely, battered face and deep suntan which may well have caused blisters and unsightly peeling on cheekbones and forehead. His nose is broken, he has three gold teeth and his hair is cropped to a half-inch stubble, both to hinder the activities of insect life and to make him more comfortable when he wears a steel helmet under a 100° sun – which is frequently.

He wears a camouflaged bush-jacket and trousers, worn-down paratrooper boots, and a green beret. The whole fetching ensemble is set off by a webbing harness supporting about forty pounds of pack, pouches, canteens and grenades. The only

turn to page 32



You just don't grab me like you used to

Even hairy chested men can lose the touch that makes those nice girls tingle, muses Mike George

'Do you love me, Cyn?'

'Why do you ask that?'

'Don't hedge. Do you?'

'I suppose I must. I can't think of any other reason I'd stay with you. Your underpants aren't the most attractive things in the world, y'know.'

'But if you thought another woman was angling after me, what would you do?'

'Breathe a sigh of relief and give her room to operate.'

'No, seriously Cyn. Would you retire hurt or get your claws out and fight like hell?'

'For what?'

'For me.'

'You're joking.'

'No, seriously Cyn.'

'Well, I suppose I might consider it politic to lodge some mild form of protest. Why? Is it imminent?'

'You never know. It could be.'

'I doubt it.'

'Why, Cyn? Why?'

'No one would have you except me, and I'm a nut, anyway. All the other nuts are registered and if one got away and got her talons into your scapula she'd soon be traced. Then you'd be had up for screwing nuts … ha, ha did *I* say that?'

'I wouldn't be too sure that no one else would have me, Cyn. It's never wise to rest on one's laurels, y'know. Women have been known to fall for the most incredible of men. There's no telling what turns them on. You're a woman. You should know.'

'Yes, darling. But seeing your only outstanding features are your navel and your hammer toes I'm sure those won't stand you in very good stead when Miss Roving Eye hoves into sight. What will you do? Leap on a table-top, whip up your vest, slap your tummy, yell "yoo-hoo" and wriggle out of your socks and plimsolls at the same time?'

'Don't be absurd, Cyn. Think – what was it about me that first attracted *you*?'

'Nothing that I can recall.'

'And subsequently?'

'Even less.'

'Then why are you here now?'

'God knows.'

'No, seriously Cyn.'

'You were so bloody persistent, weren't you? Like a spoiled child. You wore me down with your demanding petulance. It was sheer mental cruelty on your part. If you had a brain you could be really dangerous'.

'Mental cruelty drives people apart, Cyn. It's not usually what brings them together.'

'Tell me just when has anything been *usual* in our relationship.'

'Our lovemaking?'

'Nuts.'

'Well, hasn't it?'

'If you like to think the sexual cavortings of a craved and neurotic monkey appear usual, then yes, I suppose you're right.'

'How can you *say* that, Cyn?'

'Easily. It's the truth.'

'Now you're just teasing me on purpose. You've always *seemed* to enjoy our sex life.'

'Exactly.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Simply that you're so stereotyped in your approach. First you stick your tongue in my ear to turn me on . . . pause . . . leg across . . . pant, pant . . . "Can I finish now?" "Yeah, yeah," I want to scream, "go ahead, Power Pack, and finish what you haven't started yet." Mop up, crash out and mouth open till reveille. A girl likes a bit of romance. In the early days you were never so forthright and instantly demanding.'

'Well, it was all a ritual then, wasn't it Cyn? I had to break you in slowly. Why persist in ritual unnecessarily when it serves no useful purpose? Your Mother doesn't still stand over you making encouraging noises while you learn to clean your teeth. Nowadays you just get on with it. Well, it's the same with the other. Do you really want me tickle the backs of your knees for hours?'

'Occasionally it would be nice, yes.'

'Well, at your old rate of progress it would take us 'til breakfast to get you stripped off, let alone anything else. What brought all this up, anyway?'

'You asked me if I loved you. The inference presumably being that if I didn't there are others who are actually falling over themselves in their eagerness to let you do them a good turn. Am I right?'

'Very perceptive of you, Cyn. Something like that, yes.'

'Then you'd better get your underpants off the line, pack your gear and trot off on your little stud patrol, hadn't you?'

'But that's just the point, Cyn. I don't really want to. I want to be happy enough to stay here and actually want to come back to you each night.'

'And?'

'At the moment it's not like that.'

'Oh? And why not, may I ask?'

'Because I've got so used to you that you need to make more effort to turn me on. All day long I'm surrounded by gorgeous dollies wearing skin plus little else who wink at one invitingly from both ends and generally intimate most blatantly that it's there for the price of a Pepsi, and then when I get home I find you scudding around the place in flip flops and a housecoat. Couldn't you brighten yourself up a little, Cyn? For both our sakes.'

'Would you like me supine on the TV rug with one boot on the mantelpiece and a python crawling up my leg, or just hanging from the chandelier by my ankle chain cracking a bull whip?'

'Don't be facetious, darling. I'm trying to help you. You've been going through a grotty patch lately and for both our sakes it's time we sorted it out. I know you come home tired but if you could just manage to keep some semblance of femininity about you until I get in it would make *such* a difference. You know how you're able to manipulate me round your little finger when you've got some of your slick gear on. Just think – you'd be able to do that every night if only you'd make the effort.'

'Why on earth *should* I, Michael? What effort do you ever make for me? Or is being a sweaty male with five o'clock shadow meant to be sufficient to make me swoon?'

'I do wish you would realise, Cyn, there are plenty who *would* swoon given the chance and giving them the chance is what you persist in doing.'

'Well, honestly. Of all the egotistical, self centred, conceited . . . blast, there's the 'phone. I'll get it . . . "Hello, yes . . Oh, hello. No, I'm afraid I can't, just at the moment. Yes, there's someone here . . . That's right . . . Yes . . . I'll see you tomorrow . . . Probably, yes . . . Okay. Bye . . ." '

' . . . '

' . . . '

'Cyn . . . ? Eh . . . Look Cyn.'

Foreign Legion *continued from page 29*

concession to style is a bright silk scarf worn at the throat, but this, like the rest of the outfit, has suffered severely from sand, gun-oil, a pint of sweat every day and the fact that its owner hasn't had his clothes off for nine days. The final touch is provided by a belt of cartridges draped round the neck and shoulders and an AA 52 light machine gun.

Our legionnaire can't really be blamed for the sorry contrast he presents to Ralph Strongheart. After all, unlike Ralph, he wasn't raised in a stately home and Eton College. Actually, he comes from a refugee camp outside Vienna, and his name is Wladislaw Velcek. He does own a flash uniform, but it spends most of the year in a tin trunk.

Wladislaw doesn't feel inclined to protest his lack of sartorial freedom, because he doesn't spend much time with birds; in fact, he hasn't spoken to a white woman in six months, and the black ones look nothing whatever like Ralph's voluptuous Princess Fatima. He can always find female company when he gets into Djibouti on an infrequent pass – provided he's not too fussy, and is prepared to risk later complications of a venereal nature. At least they don't mind his brand of cigarettes and booze. Ralph smokes Black Russian, of course, and drinks cognac, but Wladislaw smokes 'Caporol' and drinks the cheapest, roughest red ink you'll ever see.

It isn't that he's destitute or anything like that – he makes about £30 a month, all found, including combat and jumping bonuses – it's just that he doesn't get too much consumer choice in the scrub country of the Republic of Tchad, which is where he works. He once made corporal, but then got plastered one stinking hot night in Oran and thumped an Air Force sergeant who was making cracks about his funny hat, so now it's plain *legionnaire de premiere classe* Velcek again.

Wladislaw is determined to get those stripes back somehow, because they cost him several hours of sweating terror and a pint-and-a-half of blood back in 1960 on a patrol that went wrong up in the Aures Mountains behind Tebessa. He's usually too tired to dream, but sometimes he still wakes up in the night hearing those damn Chinese burp-guns in the rocks, and the noise Bellini made when the FLN started roasting his feet off and the rest of them couldn't get to him in time. But Wladislaw doesn't let that worry him too much. Out in Tchad they're only up against spears and the occasional sniper, and it's unusual to run into even that level of opposition twice in a month.

In general, Wladislaw is a contented man. The only other life he has to judge things by are the camps when he was a kid and working as a builder's labourer for a couple of years in his late teens. Nowadays he is fed, clothed and treated better than he ever was then, and he enjoys the feeling of being a very strong, very quick, very dangerous animal.

Like everyone else he has dreams, of course, when the pack straps cut his shoulders, and the water tastes like undiluted chlorine, and the flies drive him crazy by crawling into his mouth on each bite on the C-rations; but in practical terms his ambition stretches no further than getting those stripes back, and perhaps wangling himself a transfer to the Legion's *5eme Régiment Mixte du Pacifique* on Tahiti.

He gets on well with his mates in the squad, who include three Germans, a Belgian, a Turk, two Poles, a Spaniard, a Corsican and a wrinkled, murderous little Vietnamese who attached himself to the company in '56 when they pulled out of Indo-China and finished up in uniform.

Wladislaw spoke only German when he enlisted, but he soon slipped into the strange French-German argot which is spoken in the ranks. His French is pretty good these days. He never bothered about it when he first joined up, because he could get by without it and, anyway, that was during the Algerian business when he was fully occupied by learning to stay alive. After he lost his stripes he decided to get some education for future use, and the Legion saw that he got a chance to take some courses.

If there's one thing Wladislaw cares about passionately, it's the Legion. He was stateless, homeless, friendless and anaemic when he walked through the gate twelve years ago. He never thought he would pass the medical but the doctor reckoned they could fill him out again, and the Legion needed recruits badly for Algeria.

From the day he took the oath, the Legion has been working on his loyalty with practised skill. And after a matter of months he lost his gutter-snipe wariness and realised that it really was true: he had a country – the Legion. He had a family – the Legion. They would never desert him, or leave him to rot for lack of a lousy bit of paper and a rubber stamp. He was part of something that had been making bloody history for 140-odd years, and if he wanted to make it his life, that was fine by the Legion.

They fed him well, and paid him quite enough for his everyday needs, and clothed him, and watched his health as if he were a race-horse. They gave him the best of weapons, and trained him until he could use them like extensions of his own muscles. If he survives until retirement age, his series of five-year hitches should have brought him not two stripes but many, and qualified him for a pension. The Legion will be there to see he can settle down near other ex-legionnaires and, when it's finally necessary, will give him a Legion funeral and three volleys.

While he is young enough and fit enough, he will continue to live his life in alternate stretches of boredom and brutally hard campaigning. He knows his officers are all either ex-legionnaires who have come up through the ranks by sheer ability or the best products of each graduating class at St Cyr. His NCOs are seasoned professionals, most of them veterans of five years in Algeria, and some of them with the memory of Dien Bien Phu still festering inside, waiting for the evenings of wine and nostalgia to burst out. Men with that sort of background can be trusted not to throw his life away needlessly and Wladislaw can get on with his soldiering without worrying about the orders.

When he's not out in the blue, his life is pretty comfortable. He has good modern quarters, plenty of wine, plenty of sports and film shows every night. The Legion is careful to weed out the ex-chefs in the ranks and put them where they will be of most use, and as a result Wladislaw and his mates get about the best food of any Army in the world.

He takes pride in the spit-and-polish, because it is a re-affirmation of that fierce sense of belonging which is the Legion's greatest strength. He has had the story drummed into him over and over again and every detail of his kit means something to him. His white-covered képi is a relic of the

turn to page 34

Far removed from the movie myth: the real daily sweat of Legion life between the wars

Wolsey believe there are times a man should show his true colours.

All right, not many people get to see your underwear. But that's no reason for it to be dowdy is it?

Go on, cheer yourself up—with Wolsey today.

Wolsey Underwear starts around 42p.

Wolsey

we offer you more.

Foreign Legion *continued from page 32*

conquest of Algeria, the cradle of the Legion. His heavy, red-fringed parade epaulettes are survivals from the old Legion, formed in 1831 and callously sold to Spain like a shipment of guns a few years later. His blue sash was acquired – unofficially, like so much of the Legion's uniform – in Mexico in the 1860s, when France sent troops to protect her client-emperor Maximilian.

Under his case-hardened exterior, and within strictly defined limits, Wladislaw has a streak of sentimentality – reserved for the Legion. He knows the history of his unique corps backwards, and revels in it, because now it's his history. Not only has the Legion given a hopeless refugee status and self-respect, it has given him roots stretching back more than a century.

He will never forget his first Camerone Day parade, back at Sidi-bel-Abbes in '58. They stood like rocks in the sun while the Old Man paraded the wooden hand of Captain Danjou past the ranks in its casket, and listened as the junior lieutenant read the account of the battle aloud, and Wladislaw could see it all in his head – Danjou and his 62 legionnaires holding off 2,000 Mexicans all day, and the last six men fixing bayonets and going screaming out into the middle of the bastards as the sun went down.

It choked him up then and it still does, every year. From being a piece of human flotsam, he has become part of the tradition which forged soldiers like that and all he has to do in return is stay healthy, kill a little and die when they say so. Wladislaw thinks he is on to a pretty good deal.

In fact, he gets a far better deal than the first few generations of legionnaires.

The Legion was formed on the orders of King Louis-Philippe in 1831, in a cynical moment. The idea – credited to Marshal Soult – solved two problems simultaneously. The streets of Paris were full of truculent ex-soldiers from various foreign mercenary regiments which had recently been disbanded; it was a period of considerable political unrest, and this pool of angry, hungry manpower posed an immediate threat to the tottering throne. One of the hot issues of the day was France's initial landing on the coast of Algeria and it was realised by various devious men in high places that if mercenaries could be used in place of some of the French units there would be less risk of political repercussions from the casualty lists.

The arrival of the Legion in North Africa was inauspicious. In their haste to ship the rowdy ex-soldiers out of France the authorities had made no attempt to lick them into shape first. They were simply dumped on the Algiers quayside in a series of disorganised mobs – drunk, brawling, without uniforms or proper officers, and ripe for trouble.

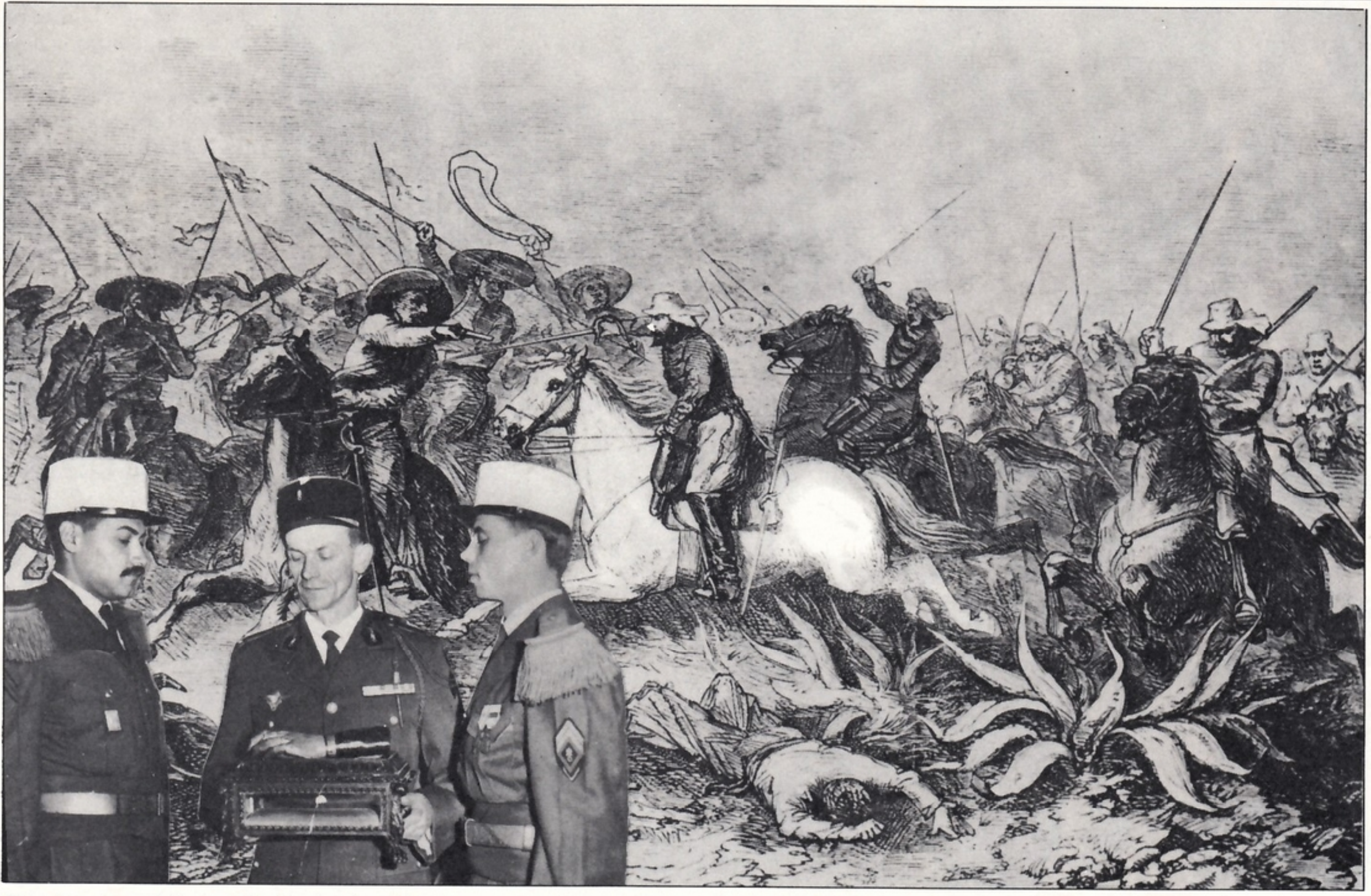
It took a tough Swiss colonel named Stoffel a year to knock any sort of discipline into them, with the help of officers and NCOs bribed by extra pay to serve a term with this unsavoury rabble. It became the conventional wisdom in the military establishment that the Legion was bad news, and they spent more time building roads and blockhouses than fighting.

Such was their reputation that their first few battles went almost unnoticed, but as the years passed it slowly dawned on the authorities that they had a strange new beast on their hands. This unpromising collection of thieves and vagabonds was anathema to the stiff pride of the generals, but it was undeniable that they could fight like devils and survive conditions which shattered more conventional units.

Throughout the whole conquest of French North Africa the Legion got the dirtiest jobs, the most disease-ridden posts, the most hopeless missions, the last issues of the oldest clothing and equipment, and the least credit. More legionnaires have died from neglect and disease than from the enemies of France, and that's saying something, considering their losses in battle. They were abused, and ignored, and despised; once they were even sold, lock, stock and barrel, to Spain.

France was committed to sending troops to support the Queen Regent in the Carlist Civil War of 1835, and it was decided to send the Legion, as being the most easily spared regiment. Their first great battle-honours of Moulay Ishmael and Macta had already been won, but the news had not filtered up to Paris, and they were bundled off to Spain, where 3,600 died in action or from cold and neglect. In one of the most shameful episodes in her military history,

turn to page 63



The hopeless defence of the derelict Mexican settlement of Camerone in 1863 became the Legion's proudest battle honour as it epitomised the vow to 'never surrender'. Left, the wooden hand of the long-dead Captain Danjou is now the Legion's most sacred relic

Wolsey. Now the days are getting sharper.

Just 5 new creations from Wolsey's Autumn Collection:

1. Courtelle pullover with saddle shoulder. Crew neck. Colours– Loganberry, Ingot Gold, Lakestone, Marine Blue.

2. Shetland button-front jacket with saddle shoulder. Deep rib waist and cuff. Colours–Camel, Dark Apricot, Ice Berg, Lovat Green.

3. Shetland pullover with crew neck. Loop button fastening. In Natural, Dark Apricot, Black, Lovat Green.

4. Courtelle polo neck skinnyrib. Colours– Chocolate, Black, Rust and Loganberry.

5. Wool random stripe skinnyrib slipover in Aubergine, Rust, Brown, Light Blue and Lichen.

Wolsey
we offer you more.

BLACK & WHITE

Benny Hill entertains.

At "Chez Ben" you never know who is going to drop in for a drop.

Whether it's the Reluctant Vicar, "Oh well if you really insist–but just a small…
Oh, you've given me too much. Never mind."

Or the Merry Widow who knows the happiest way of getting a little merrier, "Black & White–my favourite brand. We do have a lot in common."

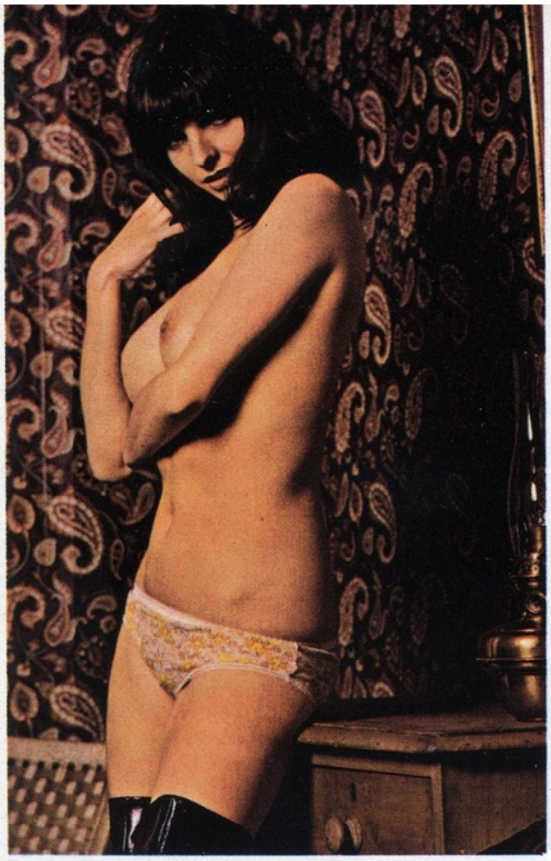
Or Squire Goodlife, who keeps his spirits up by downing mine, "Like you me boy. Know a good thing when you see it."

You know, sometimes I don't think they come here to see me at all.

Entertaining people enjoy the big flavour of Black & White.

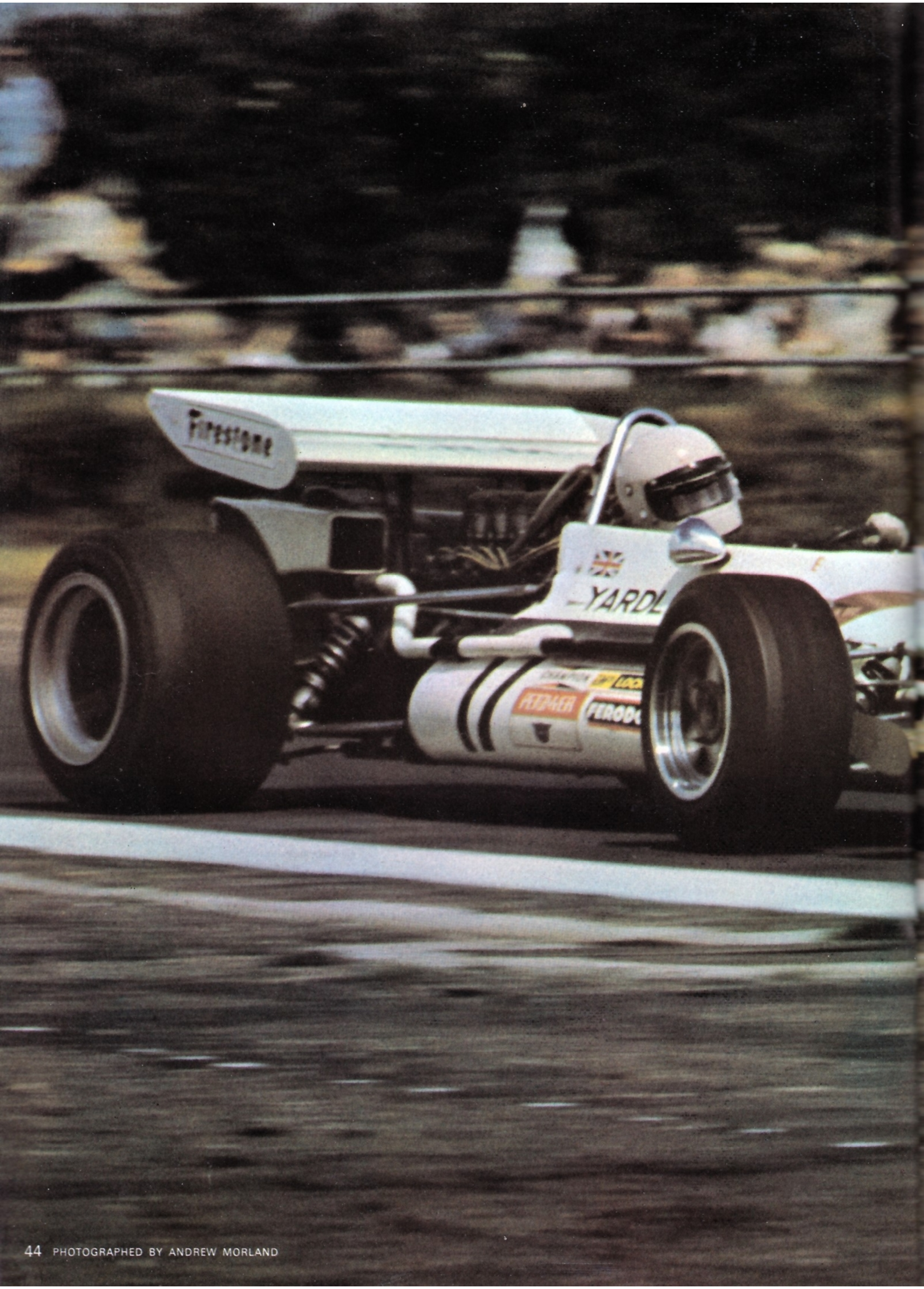
SOPHIE

'Super' was a word Sophie Colville got smacked for in her lollipop days. 'Only, I would say soo . . .ooper, like that, and it would drive my nanny wild.' The ankle-socked Sophie's custodian, a fearfully sincere Presbyterian lady from the Hebridean isle of Barra, felt the habit unforgivably English and therefore to be discouraged most forcefully. Now 21, Sophie has long since stopped saying 'super like that' but is still, rest nanny's soul, unforgivably English. This despite, on and off, considerable cosmopolitan scurryings. Near-fluent Dutch and a passion for Retsina bespeak a year spent in Amsterdam and three trips to Greece already this year: 'I don't know why it is, but I really get itchy staying in one place for too long.' A drop-out from an over-genteel teacher training college in Sussex, Sophie skipped class for the last time with a young Finnish furniture designer. 'I spent several months going round



Europe with him while he hawked his work.' Her first job? Scene-shifting, of all things. A broken-down Amsterdam warehouse, transformed into a burrow for an underground theatre group, caught her in its incense-wafted spell. 'I stayed almost a year; sweeping up, cooking brown rice, playing small parts. The seats were old beer crates. I wasn't paid anything and I left when my money ran out.' Sophie's glance flicks sideways: the look of a raven, poised for possible flight. 'I'll have to settle down soon, though. I really need someone to, I suppose, organise me.' She shifts her panties a shade. Her form (37–23–36) reclines almost quizzically. Sophie? If nanny could see her now, ankle socks long gone, surely even she would permit, just once, that word.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / SOPHIE COLVILLE


Firestone
YARDL
PERDAVER
FERODO
LOCK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MORLAND

GRID KID

Howden Ganley's dream was to make the Grand Prix grid. He's there. Now what? Nevile Player examines the obsessive drives that can make a champion

YARDLEY B.R.M.
16
17

elf
Tyrrell - Ford

BP
YARDLEY BRM

Above: an hour before the start of the British Grand Prix the BRMs of Siffert, 16, and Ganley, 17, crouch empty in the paddock. Top right: Ganley's sponsor Barry Newman has last minute words at the pits with mechanic David Stubley. Top far right: the deserted track and pits at dawn on race day. The three centre shots show Cevert's Tyrell, which came tenth, Jackie Oliver's McLaren and De Adamich's March, both of which failed to finish. Right below: American girl Nancy whispers encouragement to Ganley before he climbs into his car, while (centre) mechanics wheel his BRM into the marshalling enclosure. Far right: Ganley slowly unwinds after the race as he evaluates his performance. Then it's off to try his luck at the German Grand Prix.

YARDLEY
Firestone

Silverstone at an early hour is unearthly. The sun spikes through the grandstands, massive and bleak, throwing spokes of light across the deserted race track.

'Good morning. This is Radio Silverstone.' The trackside tannoy blares sharply with ghastly bonhomie from clusters of trumpet speakers perched on ghostly poles, echoing in triplicate around the shuttered tents and caravans of the paddock.

'The time is 6.30 am. Welcome to the British Grand Prix.'

Campers and race officials clutching towels and toothbrushes make for the primitive, barely existent washing facilities, pit marshals strap on official armbands in white or red and a short, dishevelled character scurries past with his official badge pinned to purple striped pyjamas.

11
GOOD YEAR
Gulf

TREATMENT
19
STP

Howden Ganley
O Rh +

The sun strikes the silent row of team transporters parked in bays at the rear of the pits – the cars under cover of side awnings, heavily fastened, shrouded in canvas.

Around 8 am the hot pants arrive. First the promotion girls from Gold Leaf who sponsor Lotus, wearing tiny red bottom clenchers and white tee shirts. Two minutes later the Yardley BRM girls troop across the paddock in immaculate white hot pants, deerstalker hats and blouses that aren't quite see-through.

By ten, the mechanics have begun to uncover the three white BRMs with the black, brown and gold Yardley markings, pulling back the overnight canvas covers from the immaculate machinery. The place swarms with inquisitive onlookers, surging forward and milling around the unprotected

turn to page 51

THREE FANTASTIC MAYFAIR FILMS

Here's your opportunity to possess films that have brought an amazing response from Mayfair readers. In arousing full-colour strip sequences three of the most truly distinctive girls from the magazine's pages have left viewers breathless and delighted

FILM ONE: blonde, svelte Caroline Dell, the swinging micro skirted dolly acclaimed as our first-ever Girl of the Year, was specially coaxed to forget her inhibitions in stunning style for the making of this film. 'Caroline's alluringly pneumatic quality is of an almost Monroeish intensity,' one reader wrote. 'I was bowled over.' 'Fantastic,' said others

FILM TWO: black, exotic Sylvia Bayo, proudly revealing the rising-tipped breasts which amazed Mayfair readers, slinks through this film, cat-like and teasing. One-time au pair girl Sylvia fleetingly returns to her old role, dishes and all, for this film. One reader wrote: 'Sylvia's one of the few girls who's as sexy in a string vest as white panties'

FILM THREE: eye-stoppingly well-endowed Victoria Jane Cornish is not just a modern girl. She is tomorrow's girl. Uninhibited. Disarmingly candid. Just sometimes a little shocking. But always the seductive essence of the feminine creature. Now you can see all of this former Girl of the Month. 'The bath scene was really great,' one reader wrote

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for……………………

Please send me………………Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for……………………

If you require the black-and-white version of the Caroline Dell film (Standard 8 only) please tick here……

Name……………………………………………………………………………………(I am over 18)

Address ……………………………………………………………………………………

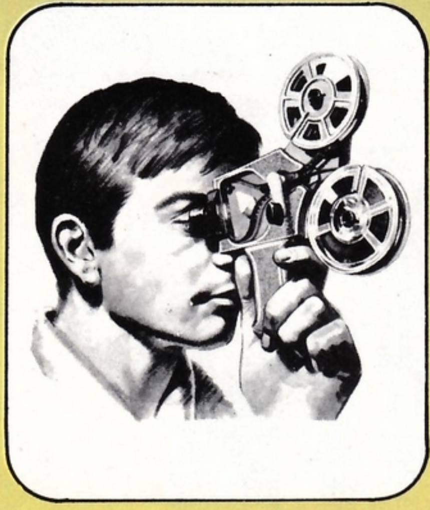
……………………………………………………………… Date……………………………… M610

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.

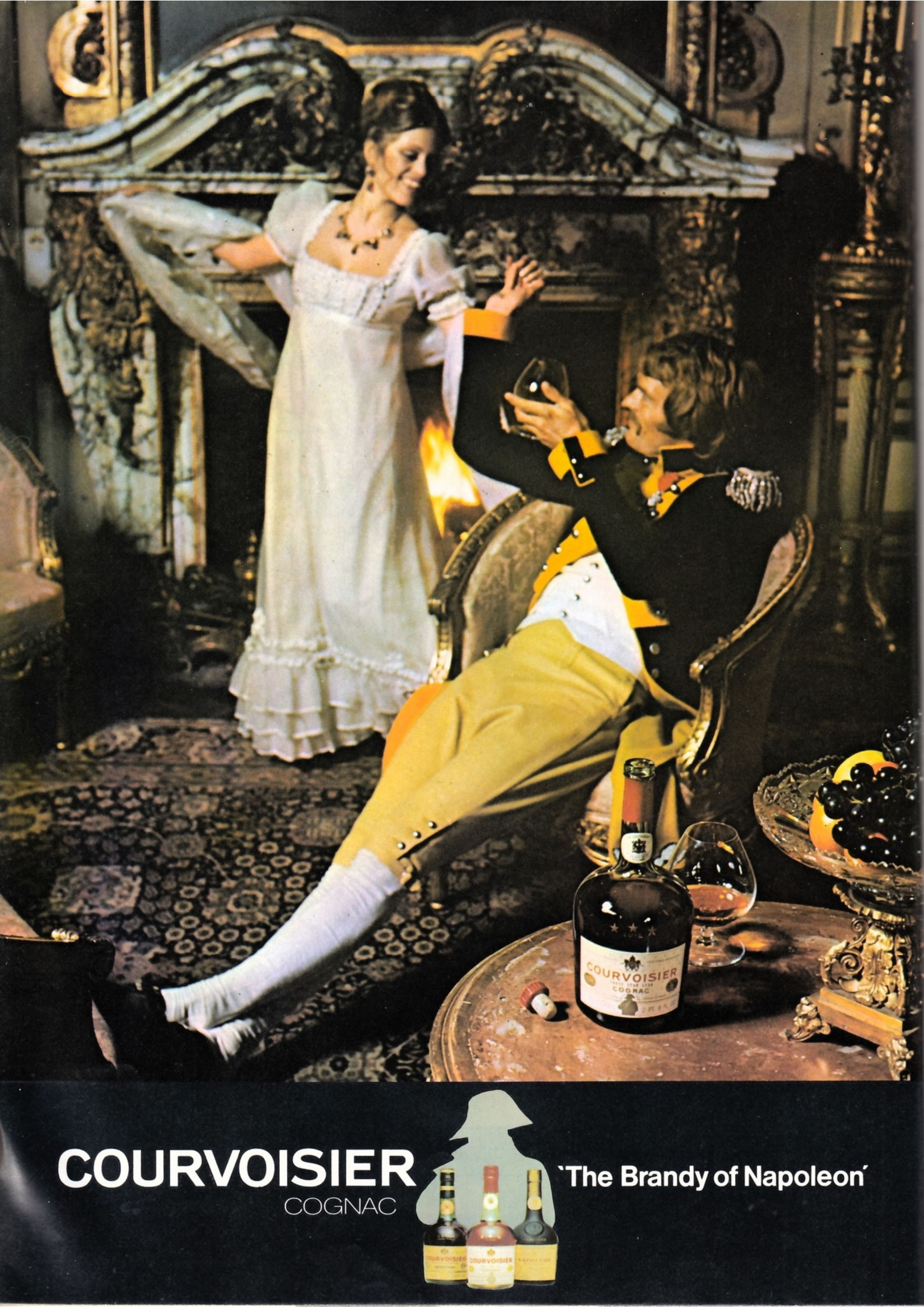
'Monroeish' Caroline Dell, star of Film One, former Girl of the Year

Slinky Sylvia Bayo, star of Film Two, who plays a fantasy au pair girl

Ex-Girl of the Month, eye-stopping Victoria Jane, star of Film Three



NO PROJECTOR? We have specially arranged for Arrowtabs' Hand Movie Viewer to be made available to Mayfair readers. Made of styrene, with nylon bearings, it is operated by turning a crank handle. It has its own self-contained light source, so it does not have to be held up to the light. The advantage of the hand viewer is that any frame can be 'frozen' for closer inspection. A focusing eyepiece makes it easy to use with or without spectacles. The viewer is illustrated in use above. There are two models available, Standard 8 and Super 8, both at £2·25. TECHNICALLY SPEAKING: the films are 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film, Standard 8 and Super 8. Please check before ordering: the films are not interchangeable. For those buying a new projector, we recommend the Super 8, for its larger image. WHAT THEY COST: The Mayfair Film Society films are each nearly 100 feet long. They are available in colour at £5·50 each. A special black-and-white preview version of the Caroline Dell film, produced for Mayfair's own office use, is available at £3·15, in Standard 8 size only. Fill in the coupon now to be sure not to miss out


COURVOISIER
COGNAC
`The Brandy of Napoleon´
COURVOISIER
COGNAC

GRID KID

continued from page 47

'Oh, never mind, Harry. It was only an old ball.'

cars. Only two of the cars will race, driven by Jo Siffert and Howden Ganley. Rodriguez's car will remain empty.

A slim brown-faced character with scuffed collar-length hair steps through the swarm, ducks under the rope and picking his way past the three cars, dives into the caravan alongside. His movements are precise without unnecessary or flamboyant actions.

A girl in faded jeans pulls at her boyfriend's arm. 'Who's that?'

'I dunno. It's not Jo Siffert, is it? It must be the other one, then.'

The other one is Ganley, lounging back across the caravan seat, studying his toecaps and smiling to himself.

'Hello. Took my time getting here. But then I'm pretty careful on the road. Orange juice?'

At 29, New Zealander Ganley is numbered in the top 25 racing drivers in the world, a highly exclusive club.

For years he has raced for the chance of a place on the world championship grid, coming all the way up from nowhere, fighting every inch of the way, to tilt at the richest crown in motor sport. Yet there's still a long way to go. He has yet to win a Grand Prix but has shown enough promise to be given a place with BRM's F1 team. But he's not a world champion, nor will he be this year.

He is driving the third-string car. In practice he has chopped half a second off the Silverstone race lap record. Would this be the race in which he would rise another notch towards being World Champion?

Half-way through his first season in formula one he is still widely unknown.

'Start day-dreaming about being a great racing driver,' he says, 'and you're kidding yourself. If you phoned up any of half a dozen motor racing magazines, they'd tell you I was bloody hopeless and I'm never going to get anywhere.' He grins widely, enjoying the joke. 'But then if I listened to what everybody said I'd never have started racing in the first place.'

'So who first told you you were no good?'

'Hum, I don't remember. I remember when I wanted to start racing, though. I didn't doubt then that I'd make it. I was about twelve I think.' He counts quickly back in his head. 'Yes, twelve. It was the New Zealand Grand Prix. That was the first race I watched. My old man dragged me along. He was an enthusiast. I was half unwilling to go. I wasn't interested.'

It was a cold and windy winter's day. He stood at the trackside with his father. The race lasted two hours. Afterwards he knew he wanted to race cars, nothing else.

Still at school, he was building his own car. 'The wheels came from an assortment of wheelbarrows and the front axle was a piece of scaffolding tube. I got the motor from a water pump on a farm nearby. I knew they were going to get rid of the pump engine and install a new one.'

By 1958 he had bought a six-year-old Ford bog standard Anglia which he was racing on New Zealand's airfield courses.

'That was before I managed to persuade my mother to lend me her Morris Minor. It was completely standard. I just took off the hub caps and that was it, ready to race. It was a British-built model and had a higher compression than the New Zealand built models, because the standard of petrol available was lower. My old man got me some aviation fuel which was allowed in racing, then, and off I went.'

He drove well enough and fast enough to worry his mother about what was happening to her poor little car – she hadn't known it would travel so quickly round corners and she didn't wish to know either.

By this time Ganley had given up his school leaving job with a local newspaper and was labouring for a contractor, because the money was better.

'I needed a proper sports racing car, something like a Lotus Eleven. My mother wanted her car back, too. I asked my grandmother to give me my birthday presents for the next four years, including my 21st and asked a few other people too.'

He got the Lotus.

It was early in 1962 that Ganley wrote the Lotus off.

He was practising for a road race at Dunedin. Part of the course was a zig-zag uphill stretch lined with lamp-posts. Ganley was already quickest sports car in practice but had a theory that in the rain, it should be possible to take the zig-zag flat out. There he came unstuck – the road was part of a bus route and diesel fuel had been spilt on the surface.

'Nowadays,' says Ganley, 'I could probably do it, but then I was sticking my neck out. I wrapped the car round one of the lamp-posts. Yes, it hurt, not so much physically but to my ego.'

So back to labouring. 'Sod this for a lark, I thought, why shouldn't I try racing on someone else's money?'

He arrived in England that year with £20 in his pocket and started work in a Holborn warehouse, stacking cartons of cigarettes, finding a bedsitter in Avonmore Road, West Kensington. He began to frequent the Steering Wheel Club where Graham Hill talked himself into his first drives. 'What was good enough for Graham was good enough for me. So there I was, bending the ear of anyone who'd listen.'

One of the ears he bent right back was attached to the head of an independent sports car manufacturer who intended to field a race team. The cars were called Falcons, powered by Climax engines.

'So I tagged onto this guy and persuaded him I was the chap to drive for him. So after I'd been talking his head off for some time he put me in a car to see what I could do.'

Ganley was signed up. But Falcons were not successful and suddenly opted out of racing. So Ganley got in touch with Bruce McLaren, whom he'd known for some time, and was taken on as a mechanic. At McLaren's, Ganley worked on everything, including F1, Ford GTs and sports cars. He also managed some test laps in a Ford GT40.

In 1966 he heard that Drummond Racing were looking for mechanics and joined them. 'The money was very good. That's why.'

He left Drummond in March '67 after saving enough cash to buy his own formula three car, a Brabham BT21.

'So I put the Brabham in the back of a truck, renewed my passport, took my chick to do the watches and joined the international formula three circus. Hold on . . .'

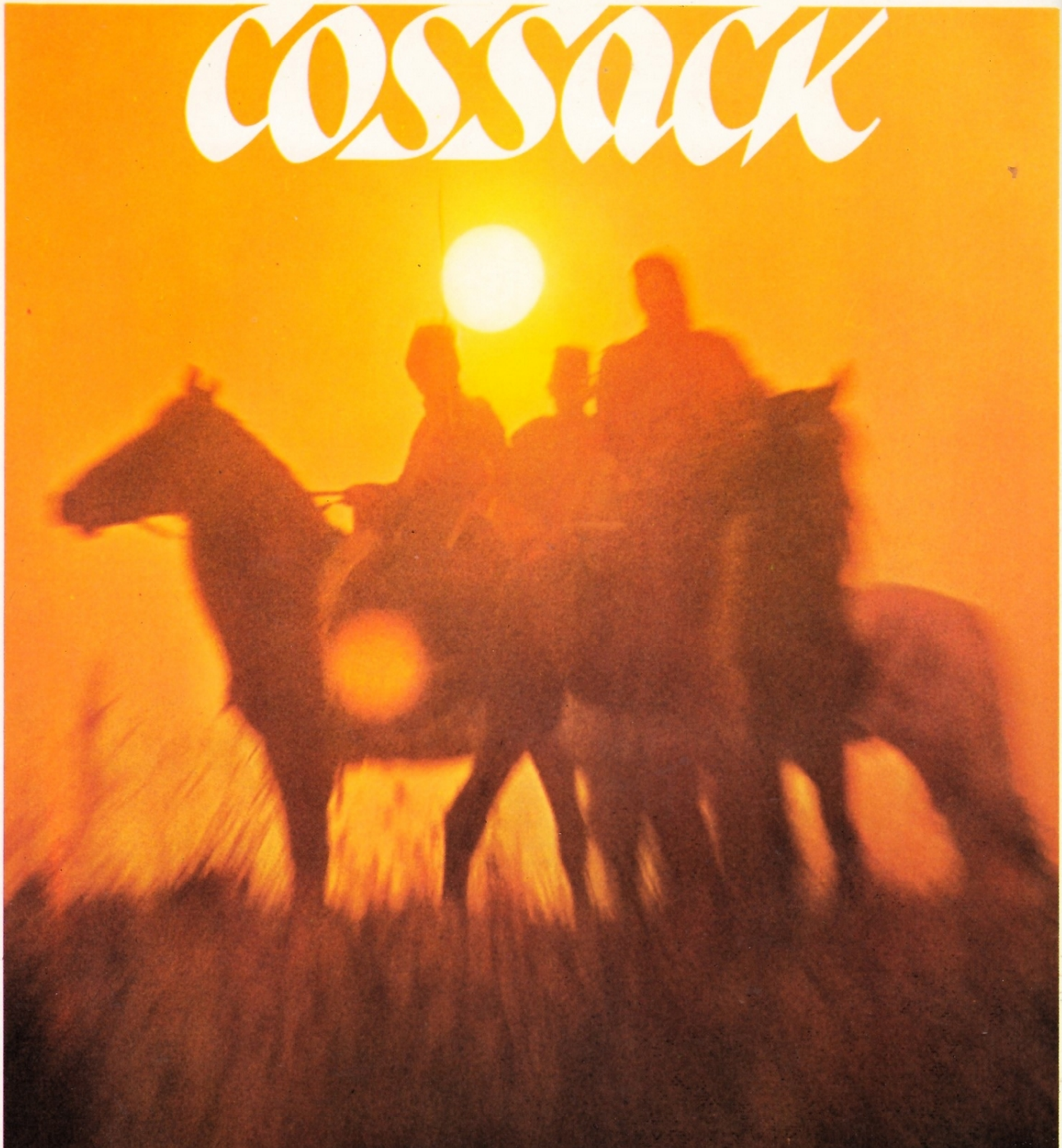
Hold on?

Ganley is opening the caravan window. Some guy and his girlfriend have been trying to take pictures of him through the caravan windows. They are signalling to Ganley through the glass. As he opens the window, the boyfriend clicks his shutter.

'Right.' Ganley closes the window.

'The continent's an F3 driver's paradise in the summer season. All the drivers troop around from circuit to circuit with their

turn to page 53



Cossack men's hairdressing. A clear, clean aerosol spray. Does the job in just five seconds. Get the red cap for normal hair – black cap for dry hair.

Cossack – ready for action!

Cossack
MEN'S HAIR DRESSING
FOR NORMAL HAIR

GRID KID *continued from page 51*

cars. It's like a club where everyone is as dead broke as everyone else and therefore great mates. It's where the spectacular driving is supposed to happen. It's the natural step to formula one and two, and everyone is trying to show what quick F1 drivers they'd make given half the chance.'

For two years Ganley drove the Brabham abroad and in Britain, meanwhile, during the winter, setting up a small business servicing Hewland gearboxes in London.

Abroad in the summer, he often slept in the truck, alongside his car, moving from circuit to circuit with the other drivers and their cars, picking up starting money at each race to buy food and spares.

'We used to live with, by and for our cars during every daylight hour, working on them, taking them apart after each race and putting them together again. It's fine until you get back to your hotel, that is if you happen to be staying at one, and find you've been spending so much time with the car that the girls have gone home and you've no-one to jump into bed with . . .'

Ganley reckons Sweden was the favourite place to race. Not because of the girls, well not just because of the girls, but because the starting money was better than anywhere else. But best of all was the ferry to Finland.

Apparently no-one ate for twenty four hours before they boarded because the ferry had smorgasbord. You pay a fixed sum and can eat as much as you like. Picture all those half starving, half broke drivers suddenly coming across a great long table loaded with every type of food you can think of, jostling for a good position and piling up their plates until even *they* couldn't stagger back for any more. 'We knew we might not eat again for another twenty four hours, until after the race and we could pick up our starting money to buy the next meal.'

In 1969 Ganley sold the Brabham and then bought a Formula Three Chevron. 'That was a great car, the car to have that year. It had the right tyres and the right engine but it somehow managed to miss out on the final placings.'

In October 1969 Ganley set a new all-out F3 lap record at Brands Hatch which still stands.

'Once you're in formula one, driving for a team, people think you have no excuse for not winning,' he says. 'At least in formula three you can be up-and-coming but once there, it's not all: "Here I am, I've done it." You have to go on not only getting better, but being seen to get better.'

Outside, the tannoy clatters to life. 'Will all drivers wishing to take advantage of this morning's untimed practice please assemble . . . ' The message is half lost in the sudden howl of engines coming to life.

Ganley turns back from the window. BRM have decided not to tempt providence by practising this morning. In yesterday's practice Siffert put in a time of one minute, eighteen point two, quick enough to put him on the front row of the grid, and Ganley has managed fifth row with one minute, nineteen point nine.

'Anyway, that winter, 1969, Bruce asked me down to Goodwood to do some testing on the McLaren Can-Am and F1 cars.'

More cars are howling down through the paddock, missing spectators by inches. Graham Hill's distinctive black and white helmet goes past as he blips his Brabham slowly through.

'Bruce was just moving into a new house and he found that his next door neighbour was a wealthy young businessman who had in fact at one time raced and was now prepared to sponsor. Pretty good fortune, really.'

The young potential sponsor was Barry Newman. Yes, he said, he'd be willing to help sponsor a car for Ganley to drive.

1970 was a successful year for both Ganley and Barry Newman. Ganley's works backed, Barry Newman-entered five litre McLaren M10B consistently made top places in the 1970 Guards Formula 5000 Championship series of races and Ganley wound up the season second overall in the series.

With this under his belt, and with continuing support from Newman and a friend, BRM offered Ganley their number three car in the Yardley BRM works team. 'The number three car,' says Ganley, 'is last year's car. The 1971 cars are 1½ inches lower with less tyre area at the front. How much this is slowing me down I don't know. I've taken test drives in one of the new cars but first the brakes and then the gearbox were wrong and so was the driving position. So I don't know how much faster I could go.'

We go across to the official refreshment tent. There is a giant sign outside which says only officials are allowed in. We come out with non-fizzy orange squash.

'Very few drivers booze at all. And no-one in their right mind touches the stuff before the start of any kind of race. I don't even eat before a race.'

'Nothing?'

'I have breakfast and a few drinks of soft orange, but that's it.'

'You don't feel hungry?'

'No. And I guess the orange juice gets a bit much. Coming up to an hour before the race I generally have about ten nervous pees.'

'You never wanted one on the grid?'

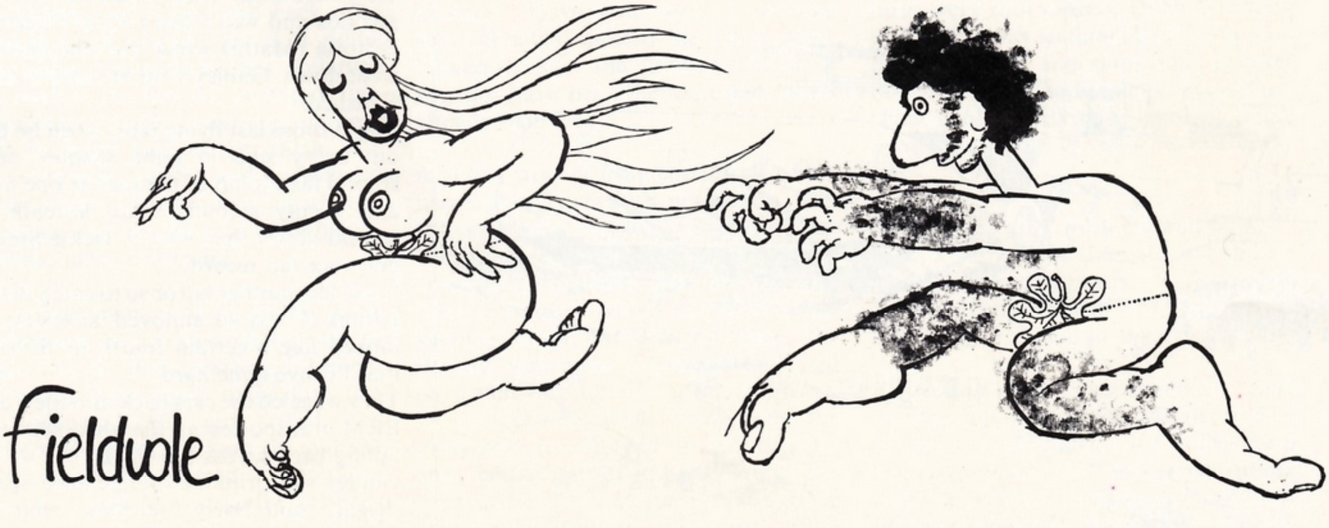
'I used to be really nervous on the grid and that sort of panicky thought did come into my head, but not now. I'm a bit more used to it.'

'So now you don't have any problems?'

'I have one it seems. Here am I getting keen on this American chick at Silverstone, when Marianne suddenly decided to come over from Sweden to see the race. So I've had to cool it there. I met Marianne at a party in Sweden. That was some party too.'

We reach the caravan. Marianne is inside with sandwiches, Coke and more orange juice.

Howden takes another orange. No food, no fizz. Marianne unwraps a sandwich:



'It's only fair to warn you, Horace, that 257,941 Arabs were partially blinded last year through handling fig-leaves and rubbing their eyes afterwards.'

'He was driving formula 5000 cars then,' she says. 'They used to call it the playboy formula. Parties, drinking, great fun.'

'How much do Yardley BRM pay you to drive the car?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing? How much does Siffert get then?'

'Ask Siffert.'

'But if he doesn't finish in any races . . .?

'I suppose he doesn't get any money from BRM.'

'What about, say, Jackie Stewart?'

'You must be joking! At least £50,000.'

'So, you could say that when a constructor pays you to drive, you've completely arrived?'

'Yes. But most drivers have sidelines to back them up, or have their own money. I'm willing to drive for BRM for nothing because I want to drive, it's a bloody good car, it's going to win a lot of races soon and I get the experience and perhaps, a name.'

'How do you think you're going to go in the race?'

'In practice I worked up from around one minute twenty-two seconds to one minute and nineteen point nine. That was on my own, spaced from the other cars. In a race you have closer cars to contend with and try and get past. I don't think you can drive right at the limit for an entire race. Each lap is never quite perfect though that F3 lap at Brands could have been very close to it. But perhaps in a race you get tangled up on one corner or another every time. Each time you go round you tend to think, let me try this time a little further to the left before the corner, say, or why not brake a fraction later. And you do it but you lose out somewhere else, concentrating for that particular corner. And if you lose two tenths of a second you're falling back. It makes a big difference.'

Ganley is changing into overalls. His plain white helmet sits on the table.

The cars are moving out of the pit paddock to go down through the milling spectators to the track.

Ganley climbs helmeted into the car, suddenly his eyes are very intense almost unseeing behind the nose and throat mask and the helmet visor.

In the pits, Barry Newman flexes his arms against the pit rail, gripping it with both hands.

'This is the worst time, now, before the race starts.' He laughs it off, smiles, tries to shake the tension from himself. 'Having to wait and not being able to do anything is nervy.'

The whole pit area is a mass of hangers-on, friends of friends of friends, the mechanics and officials trying to get a look back down the track at the starting grid. The cars are in position.

Ganley sits unconcerned listening to his mechanic and Newman, not saying much. The two minute klaxon goes and the engines start up.

Marianne, black mink jacket slung across her shoulders even in this heat, is tense and silent, half playing out her own drama, on tip-toe trying to see the grid over massed heads.

The flag falls. The whole pit area leans forward in one movement, completely synchronised. The cars crash past bunched for the first corner, in a roar of brittle noise.

When they come around again for lap two Yardley BRMs are running in fourth and eighth place. On lap two Siffert goes into third and on lap three into second behind Jackie Stewart. Ganley holds eighth but something isn't quite right with the car and he drops back to ninth.

'At the start I was thinking I ought to latch onto the guys in front and I was worried about being tangled up with the people behind. So when the race got going I thought I could tag onto Hulme and get a tow. When we started I got off well and was keeping with the front bunch. Then going into the first corner I realised something was wrong with the car – so I started falling back. It seemed at the time that only one of the front brakes was operating properly. After a while it settled down but by then I had a lot more time to make up.'

On lap 43 Siffert's BRM doesn't come past, causing worry on pit crew faces, straining to look back down the track. Seconds later the pit-entry klaxon sounds and Siffert is bucking to a stop at the pit counter. The mechanics work feverishly, but the trouble – a loose coil – takes three minutes to fix and Siffert goes back in a hopeless 14th place, two laps behind.

Now Ganley is in sixth place, closing on fifth place. The BRM pit crew hold their breath every time he goes past. The BRM's engine sounds perfect and Ganley is driving it very quickly. On lap 48 one of the leading Ferraris comes into the pits.

A girl in pink hot pants jumps up and down, face flushed, excited, 'He's in fifth place. Howden's in fifth . . .'

Barry Newman looks tensely at his watches, Marianne holds her breath, fists white knuckled around the pit barrier, craning to look back down the track. Absolute hush, breath held. A great shout building up.

Ganley fails to come past.

'Oh God, where is he?'

'Oh no . . .'

The pit klaxon rips out.

Ganley's BRM roars up the ramp and stops. The engine cuts out. The mechanics rush. Ganley gestures to his rear wheel. Puncture. The car jacks up, the wheel spins off. A fresh one goes on. The jacks hiss back. Just over one minute lost.

'I was a bit peeved,' Ganley says later. 'Sitting there in the pits while they changed the tyre. They did it quickly – the wheels on that car have six bolts – so the change isn't as fast as the new car can be. I couldn't do anything else but sit and wait. There's no point getting furious – you can't drive properly. As soon as I felt the jacks go down I started the engine and got back to the race. I was just peeved enough to want to take everybody in sight. I wasn't just trying to keep a place anymore. I had nothing to lose now.'

Ganley went back in eleventh place. Two laps later he took Cevert (Tyrell). Another two laps and he took Galli (March). Then in quick succession on one lap after another, he took Surtees (Surtees), Stommelen (Surtees) and Pescarolo (March).

He pulled away from Pescarolo by twelve seconds and was closing on the next man, Beltoise (Matra) when the chequered flag went down. Ganley's BRM came in eighth. Finished.

But in those last flying laps, when he pulled out every stop in sight, Ganley clocked second fastest lap of the race at one minute and twenty seconds dead, a tenth of a second slower than winner Jackie Stewart's new race lap record.

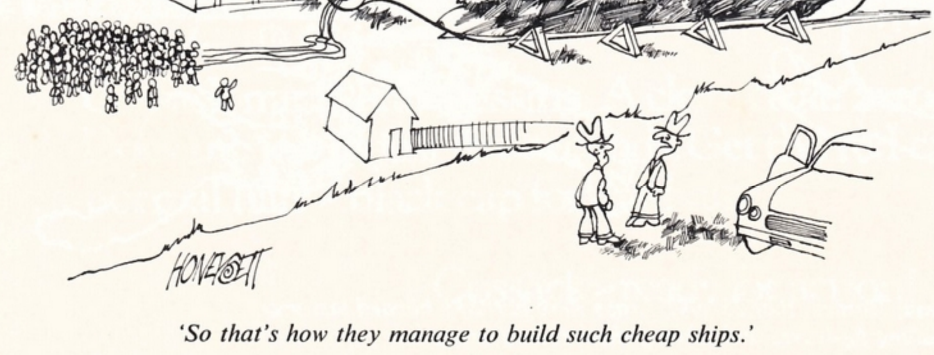
'I needed another lap or so to catch Beltoise. I think I was so annoyed at losing what looked like a certain fourth or fifth place that I drove quite hard.'

They wheeled the cars back into the Yardley BRM transporter as the shadows started falling back across the track.

Ganley was drinking orange juice again.

'Right,' said Barry Newman, 'that one's finished. Next stop is the German Grand Prix in two weeks.'

'Yep,' said Ganley, smiling at a girl in purple and pink. 🙼



'So that's how they manage to build such cheap ships.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

We rather liked the notice that appeared outside a West End beauty parlour: 'Gentlemen are respectfully reminded that it is dangerous to smile at, or attempt to make conversation with, any beautiful young lady emerging from this salon. She may be your mother-in-law.'

The elderly English Earl suspected that his wife, the young Countess, was seeking sexual pleasure beyond that offered, intermittently, from her liege lord. The Earl consulted his trusted valet who suggested a simple test. 'When your Lordship is next called away place a cup of milk on the canopy of your fourposter. If Her Ladyship is being unfaithful her exertions will cause the milk to spill.' The Earl took his valet's advice and duly carried out the test. Upon his return he summoned his valet and examined the fourposter. 'I don't see any sign of spilt milk' said the Earl. 'Your legs are younger than mine. Climb up this ladder and make sure'. The valet did so. 'Am I right?' called the Earl. 'Quite right,' said the valet. 'No milk appears to be spilt. But you have a cup of butter.'

The beautiful young music teacher was giving special singing lessons to the timid and inexperienced youth. Feeling rather fruity herself, she gave the young man several sexual opportunities which he was obviously too frightened to follow up in spite of his mounting desire. Finally the teacher slumped back on a settee in mock despair, her skirt riding up to show miniscule panties. Inflamed with passion the boy fell on top of her, murmuring, 'darling, darling, darling' while his hand caressed her thigh. The girl squirmed sexily and whispered 'higher, higher.' The boy stopped what he was doing and in a falsetto voice piped: 'Darling, darling, darling.'

The young man, wishing to be more adventurous in his lovemaking said to his girl friend: 'Betty, darling, I'd like it very much if we could make love like the dogs do.' His girl friend was shocked. However, he kept on and she finally, tearfully, agreed. 'All right, John. Just once, if you really want to. But promise me you'll find a street where we are not known.'

A round-up of after-dinner stories

The American in Madrid was boring his Spanish hosts with his endless enthusiasm for bullfighting and the whole Hemingway bit. He was in the middle of one of his more boisterous appreciations of a bullfight he had seen when he fell to the ground clutching his stomach. He was rushed to hospital and a case of appendicitis was diagnosed. It was decided to operate immediately. The next day the American was sitting up in bed fulsome in praise of the surgeon and likening him in skill to the best of Spanish bullfighters. He had only one puzzlement. Why after an appendix operation did he have this goddam bandage round his head? 'Ah that, senor,' said the Director of the hospital 'That is because the surgeon performed so well. We awarded him two ears.'

The well-known provincial hotel was swept by fire, and firemen battled through the building to rescue trapped guests. Just then, a man wearing only a pyjama top came running along a passage. 'Have you seen a redhead running round naked?' he asked. 'No, I haven't,' said the fireman. 'Well, if you do, have her,' the man said. 'She's already paid for.'

A young student from equatorial Africa joined the University's pot holing club. On one of his first excursions the team leader paused for a rest and produced a vacuum flask with hot tea. Coming from a country where the problem of keeping fluids hot did not arise, the student was most impressed and said he would like to buy one too. Please, what were they called? The joker in the party said they were called contraceptives and could be purchased from the chemists. Upon his return to the surface the student went to a chemist's shop and asked for one. The chemist asked him what size he would like. 'Oh,' said the student, describing the one he had seen, 'about so long and so thick.' The chemist was staggered, and showed it. The student therefore hastily added: 'Don't be surprised. After all, once I am in the hole, I often stay there for eight hours.'

The two boastful bachelors had spent all evening in the riverside pub bragging of the pleasure they were able to give to women due to the magnificence of their respective sexual endowments. Finally, with the pub doors closed behind them, they realised they needed to relieve themselves. They accordingly crossed to the river bank and stood side by side in the classic pose. 'Great Scot', said one after a pause 'this water is cold.' 'Yes,' agreed the other 'and deep, too.'

Through over-indulgence and good living the office Casanova had grown extremely portly. He found that this was lowering his scoring-rate with the opposite sex and the time had come to do something about it. Finally he enrolled at a new health farm where they practised a revolutionary new slimming technique. They cut the skin on the top of the head and pulled the skin up gradually, week by week, and knotting it, so ensuring there was no flabbiness as the body adjusted to its new shape. This went on for six months, and eventually the man emerged from the farm, very slim indeed. Upon returning to his office his secretary said: 'My, you do look lovely and slim, but I'd never noticed you had a dimple on your chin.' 'That's not a dimple,' explained the man, 'that's my navel. Dig this crazy tie!'

The maiden grew flustered and pink,
With a gasp to the floor she did sink;
There followed orgasms
In five second spasms
– Her vibrator had gone on the blink.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

At 9.30 this morning I was coming out of the tobacconists after buying a tin of deliciously mild Grandee cigars, when I was hauled inside this white Mercedes.

"Quick, they're after me," said a husky female voice, "pretend we're lovers."

So I pretended.

"Hullo," I thought, "ain't life grand," little knowing I'd get enmeshed in the unrelenting coils of international intrigue.

Events occurred which I could hardly begin to describe. Suffice to say I found myself in the cockpit of her private plane, puffing contentedly on a deliciously mild Grandee, when we were attacked by a squadron of jets.

Luckily we had ejector seats and were flying over this island, but..

GRANDEE
5 SHORT PANATELLAS

Make life Grandee.

churchmans

Caroline Williams
new-style Young Conservative

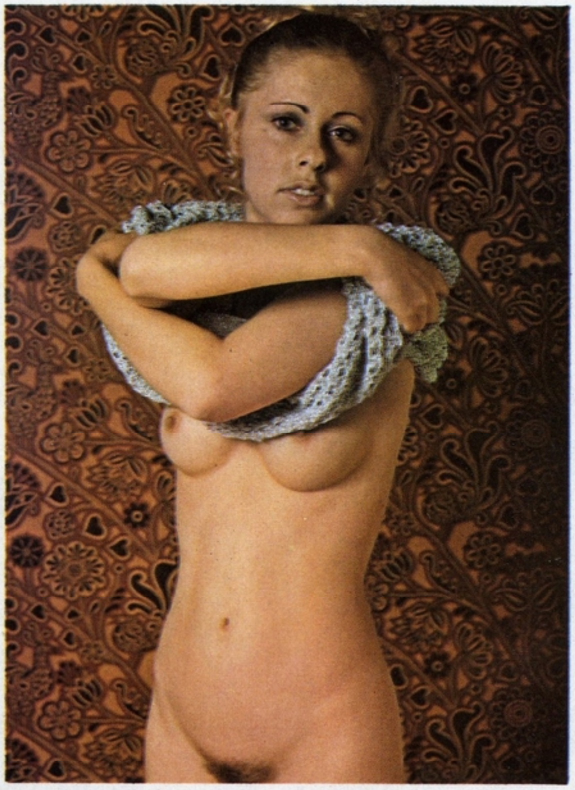
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

To see Caroline Williams with her tight blonde curls in topknot style, her figure trim in sweater and skirt, is to see the typical Young Conservative who might cheer Ted Heath at the Conservative Party Conference or Alec Douglas-Home at a YC rally. Caroline is proud of her Berkshire stockbroker belt image with all its accompaniment of car rallies and tennis parties. Her family home is in Simons Lane, Wokingham, and since she was 20 she has been a member of the Wokingham Young Conservatives. 'There's so much going on. Perhaps best of all is the dongling.'

Dongling? What strange ritual is this? Imagination boggles at so splendid a word. 'Yes, it's a regular Sunday thing in punts on the Thames. You race the boats with long punting poles.' Stunts in the punts. Of course.

Then the YC dances. One of the regular high points of the year was always the June Ball and it was there that Caroline was photographed (middle left) with her friend Belinda Chapman and her sister Rosemary.

But for Caroline the dancing and the dongling had to stop. She felt the restless urge to travel and in May 1970 went off to Canada. She found herself a job as a secretary and had a great time. One of the highlights was when astronaut James Lovell came to a convention at Edmonton, Alberta. Caroline was given the job of looking after him and collected a worthwhile keepsake photograph taken with him (bottom left). 'A great guy', she sighs.



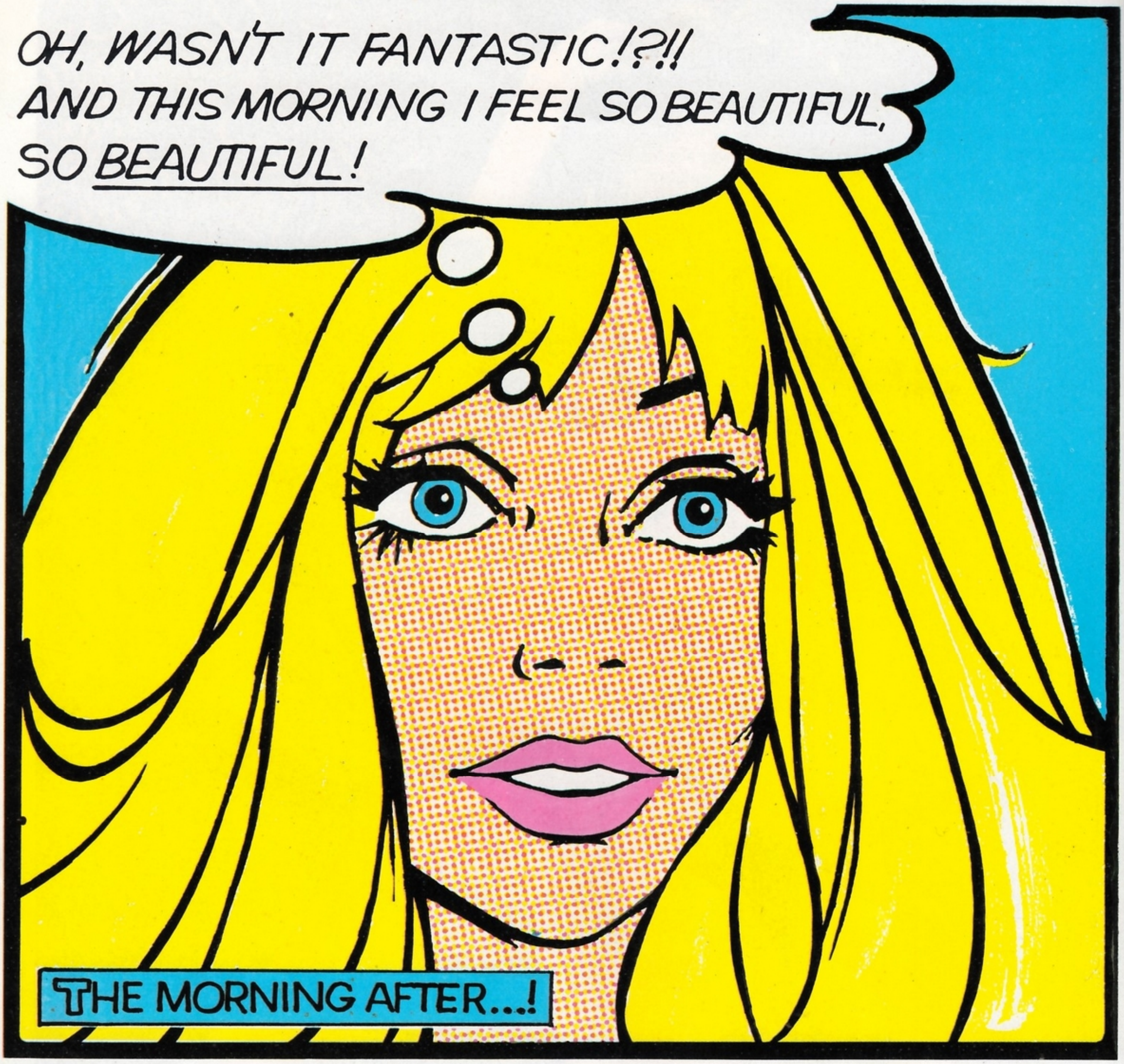
Now, at 23, Caroline is back in London taking an art course. One day she would like to achieve her ambition of painting portraits.

What then leads Caroline, the Young Conservative, to take the unconservative step of showing her 35–23–34 figure to a quarter of a million men, especially when she has never even posed nude in an art class?

'I suppose it's because I consider it a normal and natural thing. I believe most modern girls would do it if they thought their figure good enough. And if you asked them, of course.

'I share a flat in London. Three girls together. Two of us often wander round the flat in the nude. Once when I was in Los Angeles for a bit I shared a very nice flat overlooking the main street near traffic lights. It had a big picture window and we occasionally forgot to draw the curtains. I think we sometimes caused traffic jams.'

Does she carry this freedom into other fields? 'Well, if you mean have I ever gone out without wearing pants, yes, I have.' Imagine her, sitting there, listening so demurely to the political speaker. And no pants. Wow! Caroline's men are smart dressers, fun to be with, not too serious. 'I like older men, too.' And sex? That direct honest look. 'I think the present permissive attitude is about right. Mind you, I find I still have to be leader, making the first move all the time.' The rueful grin: 'Anyway, I think sex is perhaps over-rated part of the time.'


OH, WASN'T IT FANTASTIC!?!!
AND THIS MORNING I FEEL SO BEAUTIFUL,
SO BEAUTIFUL, SO BEAUTIFUL!
THE MORNING AFTER...!

COSSACK
VODKA
J&G Vickers & Co Ltd
LONDON W1
26.6 FL OZS 65.5° PROOF

The morning after should be just as beautiful as the night before.
Pure clean Cossack Vodka.

WITH LIME, ORANGE, TOMATO JUICE, BITTER LEMON, TONIC, GINGER ALE, OR WITH ANYTHING YOU LIKE.

Foreign Legion *continued from page 34*

France refused to supply them once they were in the nominal pay of Spain – needless to say the Spanish were extremely casual about pay, food, clothes, ammunition, and every other necessity. Only about 400 men survived to return to Algiers.

Out of their suffering and sense of abandonment, the rabble of fifty nations forged an extraordinary spirit. They had learned that they could expect nothing, so they went ahead and fended for themselves. If something was needed, the betting was that somewhere in the ranks there was a legionnaire who in happier days had made it, or sold it, or stolen it, or at least had a good look at it. It started with forts; it finished with a network of roads over the deserts and mountains of the Sahara, and a whole town designed, laid out and built by the Legion.

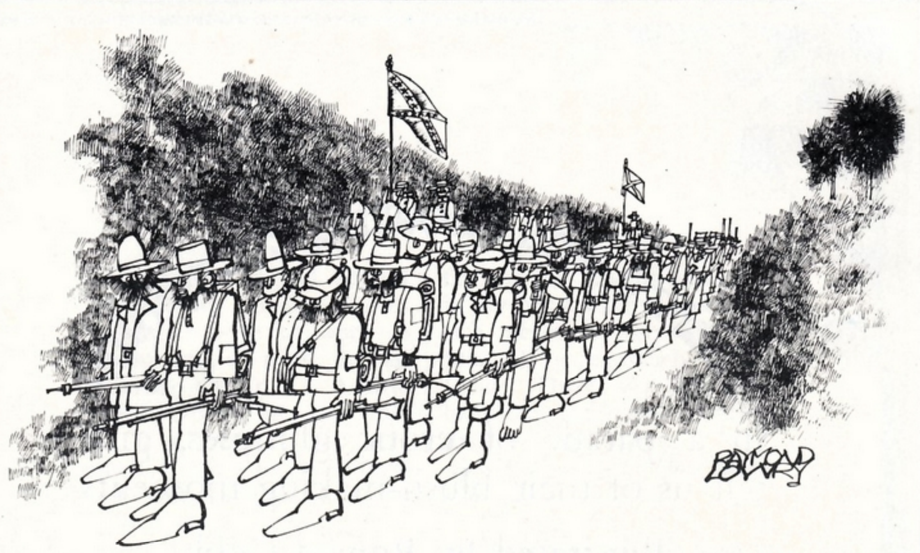
Their fighting record matched their ingenious improvisation of everyday necessities. They did not fight for France; they fought for the Legion. They took a bloody-minded pride in the fact that when a task had proved impossible, somebody sent for the Legion. They were always the vanguard in advance, the rearguard in retreat. They set incredible records for covering distances – and the sand, scree and razor-edged ridges of North Africa are not kind to marching men wearing thick greatcoats and heavy boots and laden with up to eighty pounds of gear.

The unique fighting style of the Legion was based on an apparent contempt for death. Their conditions were wretched, their pay minute, and they had nothing to lose but their lives. Those, at least, would be thrown away with style. They responded to any attack with an immediate and reckless bayonet charge. They laughed at French line troops cowering under cover, and walked in open order up slopes in the face of murderous fire, accepting the casualties with stolid indifference, until they could get within reach of the enemy and 'have a smack at him with Rosalie' – the long sword-bayonet, always their favourite weapon. In defence they died where they stood, or kept a last cartridge in their pocket as their means of escape from the torture fires of the Arab women. They were too bloody mean to die most of the time and they never, never surrendered.

After Danjou and his men died in Mexico, during the strange campaign mounted by France in support of her puppet Maximilian, this fierce contempt for death became an article of faith, and every Legion recruit had it hammered into him that when the time came nothing less than the standard of behaviour set by the men of Camerone was acceptable.

They have kept that strange faith ever since, in some of the most botched and mismanaged campaigns in history, in the worst terrain on earth, with little thanks and no hope of anything better.

They fought in Italy in 1859, in Mexico in 1863, in the stinking swamp and jungle hills of Dahomey and Madagascar. They were at Alma and Inkerman and the freezing winter siege of Sebastopol in the Crimean War. They fought the Prussians in 1870 and Frenchmen in the Paris Commune a year later. They won Indo-China in the terrible campaigns against the 'Black Flags' in the 1880s and they covered themselves with glory in the First World War.



'Actually, it was the glamour of the uniform that originally decided me to join our side . . . '

Throughout the whole history of French colonial presence in North Africa they were the spearhead. It was the Legion who finished the two great Arab leaders, Abd-el-Kader and Abd-el-Krim. It was also Legion deserters who trained the armies of these legendary warriors, but their comrades didn't mind too much. Indeed, when they ran up against an unusually tough and well-organised tribe they took some pride in the fact that Legion expertise was being put to good use.

The romantic image of the Legion is largely based on *Under Two Flags*, a ridiculous book by a 19th Century woman novelist. The stories of P C Wren are usually lumped together with this childish narrative and judged equally harshly, but in fact Wren wrote from first-hand experience and his details of Legion life are very accurate, even down to actual personalities. The major characters were naturally romanticised to the point of absurdity, but the framework in which he set his disgraced aristocrats and disappointed lovers was authentic.

No doubt these stories were responsible for the steady trickle of starry-eyed lads who ran away to find glory in a white képi and emerged, if at all, sadder but wiser men five years later. The Legion reserves a special contempt for those who join up, desert after a matter of weeks and then sell ghost-written concoctions of fictional horrors to the Sunday newspapers. To a legionnaire it is inexplicable that a man who runs away should actually boast about it.

The message of the Legion, the offer it makes to rootless and hopeless men who drift up to its gates, is not one of romance or adventure. Stripped of heroics, it goes something like this: 'You say that you are finished, that you have been trampled by life, or thrown it away by your weakness. You think yourself a thing of no future, no pride, and no worth. Come to us; we will give you a new home, a new pride, a new value. But for this, you will owe us a life; if we call in the debt within five years, you must pay it.'

If this sounds like an unconvincing offer in the 20th Century, reflect that men are still accepting it. Thousands accepted it between 1939 and 1945; the Legion fought at Narvik, at Bir Hacheim, in Italy and in France. More than 10,000 paid the debt in Indo-China, and a battalion of the Legion was the last unit to be overrun at Dien Bien Phu, going out through the wire in a last wild bayonet charge hours after the radio went silent and the Vietmin came surging in from the perimeter. The Algerian war cost the Legion thousands dead and wounded – more than two thousand in a single year. It also cost them one of their best regiments, the 1st *Régiment Etrangère Parachutiste*, disbanded after the OAS revolt.

Today the Legion is a sophisticated force of motorised infantry, paratroopers and light armour. But the deal is still the same as it was at Camerone. A new life for a few months or years can still cost a man the choice of when he dies.

Wladislaw Velcek accepted that deal, although he probably couldn't put it into words and the chances are that he will stick to it. One day, in some stinking corner of a parched and fly-blown country, the miscalculations of the generals and the deceits of the diplomats will land Wladislaw and his mates in a trap that even the Legion can't hack open. And he'll probably sit around in the sun for a day or so, drying out by degrees and watching the Germans and the Poles and the Belgians and the Turks dying for no good reason, and then he'll clip in his last magazine, and stand up, and go out at them, trying to get near enough to take a couple with him. Why? Because he's a legionnaire. Because the Legion has never, ever surrendered. Because he damn' well chooses to. *Que voulez-vous? C'est la Légion.*

There I was showing everything

In a parade of erotic glimpses, girls tell us of their blush-making moments

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Our request for girls to tell us their blush-making moments resulted in an avalanche of letters filled with tales of fluttering panties, broken elastic, split seams, and unintended intimate glimpses.

The winning letter came from Mrs Betty Brennan and a large bottle of Jean Patou's 'Joy' has been sent to her. Our thanks to all who contributed.

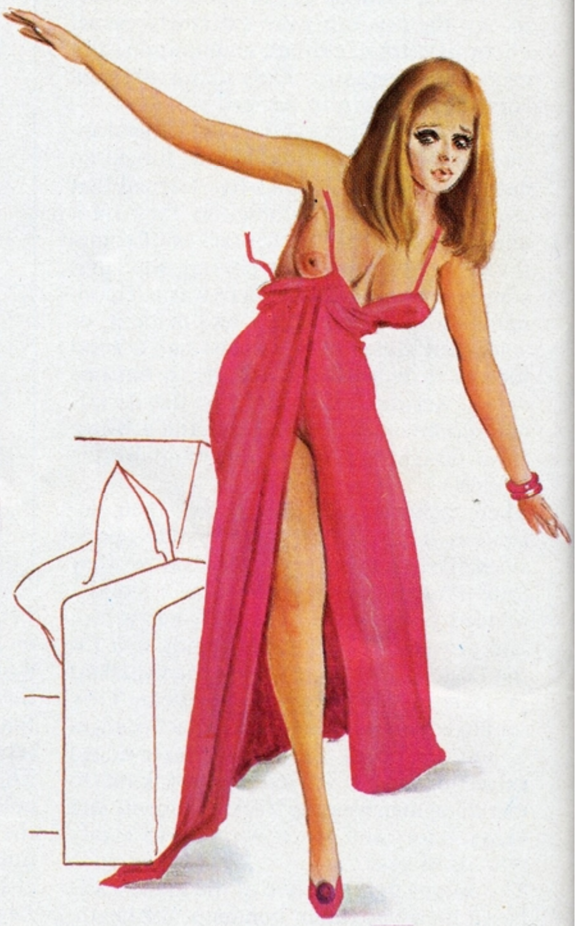
My fiancé and I had been invited to a party at the home of his boss. It was a rather grand affair and David, as a junior executive, wanted to make a good impression. I have a large bosom and David asked me to wear a favourite long evening dress in red that was very low-cut. I was a little apprehensive but finally did as he wanted.

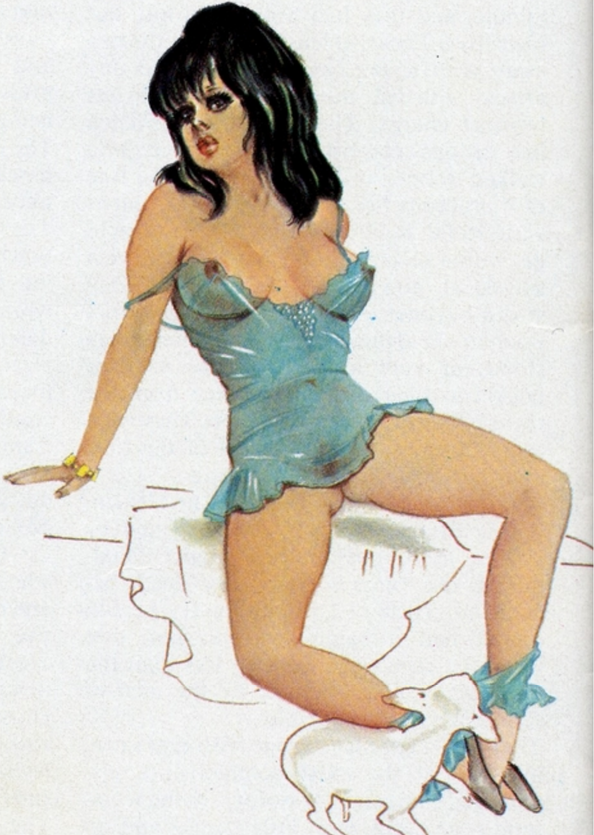
At the party, all went well and I seemed to make a good impression on David's boss who spent some time talking to me. Unfortunately, I did not notice that in the crush a settee had been pushed a couple of inches and the castor had run over the hem of my long dress. Suddenly David's boss called to me from a short way away: 'Miss Holland, do come and meet our Chairman.' I stepped forward with a winning smile on my face, but my dress remained firmly anchored to the floor. My dress had a built in bra and out popped one breast. I still go hot and cold when I think about it. The Chairman was marvellous. He choked over his drink which diverted the attention. I'm sure he did it deliberately.

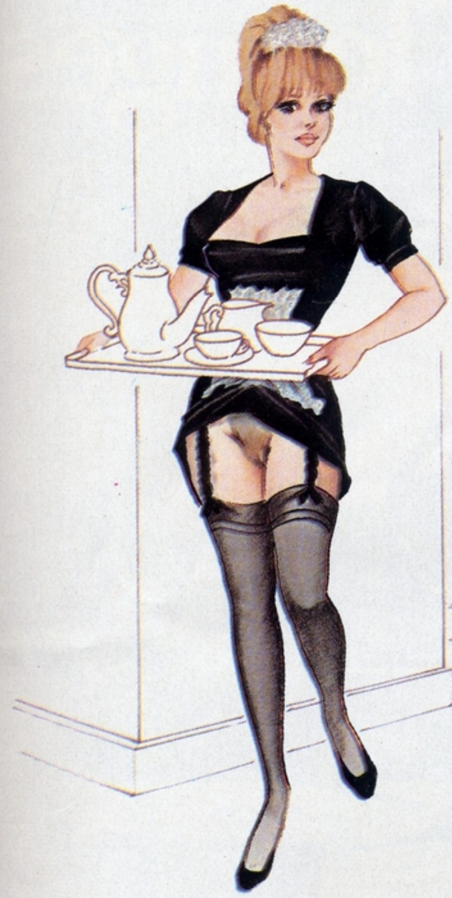
Mrs Betty Brennan (née Holland), Elmgrove Road, Weybridge

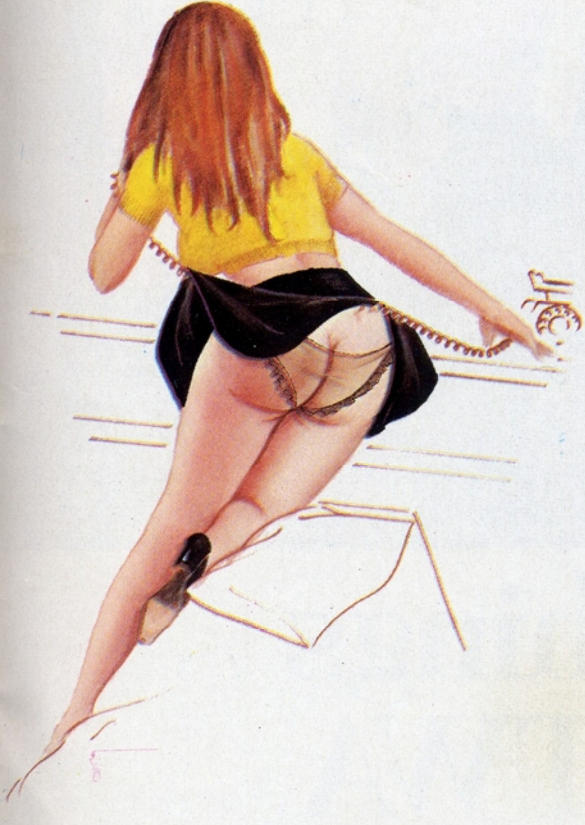
My sister and I share a flat. One evening she was going out with her boyfriend and suddenly remembered, just as he was due, that she had to make a phone call. She called to me to say she was popping out and would leave the door ajar for Peter, who would probably come up in the lift. Sure enough, soon after she left Peter arrived. I was in the bedroom, also getting ready to go out, so I called out to him to come in and wait. Because we all know funny stories like this, I made sure it was Peter who had arrived. I had left my bedroom door a bit ajar and was only wearing my bra and a slip. I was just putting my pants on when our small dog Sandy thought it time for a game and grabbed. I yelled at the dog and shrieked and suddenly there was Peter in the doorway saying 'Can I help?'. I felt like a Swedish magazine, sitting on the floor, my slip round my waist and my knees wide apart and a dog worrying my panties.

Ursula B (full name and address withheld)









I am Hungarian and when I left Hungary in the student uprising I went to work in Vienna as a maid to an Austrian Count. In Austria they abolished all such titles but they are still used very much. I had a black uniform with white cuffs and I do not think it was very sexy. Often I would wear very skimpy and sexy underwear to remind me I was a girl. My favourite was some panties that were nearly see-through. One afternoon the Count rang the bell for some tea. As in England, Viennese are very fond of tea. I scooped up my tray and went in but unfortunately I did not know that I had caught up the front of my dress. When the Count saw me he smiled. 'Ah, Lotte,' he said 'I wish I were thirty years younger.' I said 'Pardon' and he told me to hold my tray out from my body. I did so, and felt my dress fall back down. Ever afterwards he called me by a special Austrian word that means 'little bushy tail.' I do not think my panties had hidden much.
Lotte Egger, Hans Zimmermann
Alpbach, Austria

I got out of the bath in our flat and walked through the sitting room nude. A voice said 'Smashing.' I had forgotten a flatmate's brother was staying the night on our couch.
Miss BL (full name and address withheld)

I, too, had the embarrassment of my pantie elastic going while out in the street. I stepped into an alley and as quickly as possible took them off. I was wearing a short skirt and it wasn't easy without showing something. I'd just finished and actually had them in my hand when a voice beside me said: 'Very sensible, Miss. It is extremely warm today.' There was this very handsome actor type standing there raising his hat.
Miss Caroline B (full name and address withheld)

Mummy and Daddy have a greengrocery business and one afternoon I bounced into the shop in my latest peasant dress. It is very low cut in the bosom and since I'm big anyway the lacing makes me quite prominent. Dad did a very disapproving look at my cleavage and a little old cockney man at the back said 'Blimey, miss, I bet you don't get many of them to the pound.' I was redder than the tomatoes.
Janice B, Catford, SE6

My father and I have always got on very well although he moans a bit about the phone bills I run up chatting to my girlfriends. One evening I was making a phone call to my special friend, and as is often a habit with me, wriggling my bottom and changing from knee to knee as I talked. Just as I was about to hang up my father said 'Don't move, hold on to the phone.' I did so. Then he said 'Now put your hand behind you and touch your bottom.' I did so and to my astonishment touched my pants. The telephone lead had hooked under the back of my skirt and lifted it up. All the time I was talking I'd been giving Daddy a sexy show. He just said 'Let that be a lesson always to wear pants. It was only your old Dad. It might have been the Vicar.' Were my cheeks red!
Marilyn W (full name and address withheld).

TWA introduces the only 747 with a choice of lounges in first-class.

Every TWA 747 to America has a second first class lounge and bar.

One upstairs. And now one downstairs. Something you won't find on any other airline.

As a result, we managed to reduce our full complement to only thirty-four passengers (compared with other airlines' fifty or more).

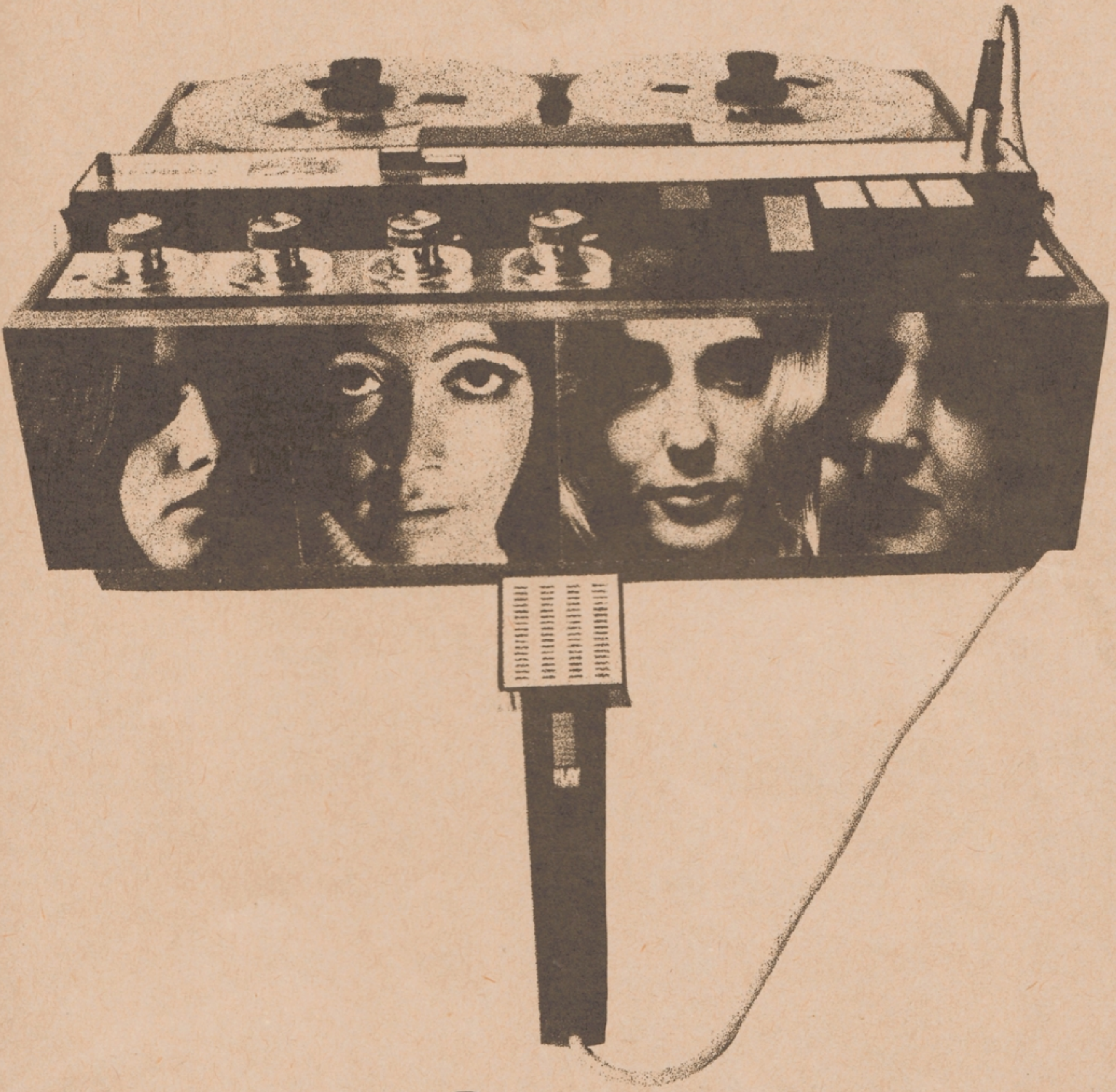
This means there's a cabin seat and a lounge seat for every first class passenger.

So after you've taken your choice of two movies,* five main courses and several wines, you can take your choice of company. Ask any travel agent.

---

* IATA regulations require that we make a nominal charge for in-flight entertainment.

One of the things that keeps TWA one step ahead.



Quest

The laboratory of human response
Volume Three

In the rapidly changing sexual scene in Britain there is no more significant new arrival than the sex shop. Although the range of goods on offer is surprisingly wide, the basic commodity is the sexual aid. The aim of such aids is generally to bring to women increased pleasure and fulfilment. But do they work, are they widely bought? Have they a part to play in the sex lives of normal people? As Mayfair begins a new survey in our famous Quest series, there is no more up-to-the-minute subject than that of Sex Aids. This month, women talk to us about their experiences with one of the most fascinating of these new devices – the vibrator.

INTRODUCTION

Into our present day permissive society – or era of sexual enlightenment – has come in the past year a new phenomenon: sexual aids and with it the sex shop.

We feel that this is a significent happening. Although there is evidence that Casanova used contraceptives and knew of several devices for increasing pleasure to a woman, there is no broad stream of writing, be it erotic, pornographic or scientific, to show that outside aids have habitually been used in sex. Indeed, even in the great erotic treatises of the East, it is the bodies and minds of the participants alone which provides the means of giving pleasure.

We feel that this may be a tremendously significant reflection on the age. After all the central tenet of the permissive society – that more girls have more sex more casually than in previous generations – is certainly not proven. Certainly, our senior readers of Mayfair often write, in amused and sardonic style, to point out that most birds could be charmed out of their pants (directoire style) way back in the 1920's. Anyone examining early census records or parish registers can find the strongest indications that many unmarried girls in the nineteenth century were not virgins. And statistics only show the ones 'caught out.' Other evidence, on the absence of sexual aids, albeit negative, comes from that remarkable book *The Rationale of the Dirty Joke*. Briefly, most of our male fantasies can be found to have parallels in bawdy humour. But there is no body of humour based on the idea of sexual aids, although a vast store on sexual inadequacy. We may therefore be in the presence of a truly new phenomenon – the moment when man, his inhibitions and his reservations overthrown, finds it permissible to use outside aids to move a woman to peaks of pleasure and fulfilment.

But what are the effects of these new sex toys? Do they work? Who uses them, and do they have any side effects? Firstly, and we must state this most clearly, the use of these aids is not, in our findings, widespread. There is, therefore, no statistical significance to be found in our survey. What can be found however, is some surprising facts and interesting side effects. It is because our preliminary investigations revealed these that we decided this was a fascinating and up-to-date survey to present in Mayfair.

The first of our surveys deals with the subject of stimulators or vibrators. These are electrical devices, powered by small batteries, that vibrate a pad or casing thus causing a pleasant tingling feeling to the skin and perhaps a stimulation of the blood supply in that area. They are mainly in plastic casings.

The makers show them being put to a variety of uses, but in the minds of most people there is the possibility of their being used to stimulate the erogenous zones of the body. Most of these devices, certainly not all, have some phallic alignments, and some of them, perhaps the most popular sellers, are almost dildos or penis substitutes. The erogenous zones stimulated by them could hardly be in doubt in the mind of a reasonable man. In our very limited survey we found it was this latter that was mainly in use, although to be fair we must state that if the interviewee had bought such a device to ease neuralgia we were hardly likely to print the resulting interview since Quest is concerned with sexual understanding between men and women. In this survey we feel we are breaking new ground and that many men will find here information and understanding that no sex education book could supply.

One **Public Relations Assistant, 21 years old, brunette, town of origin Nottingham**

This interviewee, an intelligent and transparently honest girl, left school at 16 and went into a public relations firm. She did very well and was later offered a job with another firm where she was assistant to the public relations manager. She is single and shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Can you recall when you were first aware of vibrators?

Assistant: You mean, knew there were such things?

Quest: Yes.

Assistant: I saw them advertised I suppose. And then I heard people joking about them.

Quest: Did you know anybody who had one?

Assistant: Not before Tony, no

Quest: Did you have any curiosity about them?

Assistant: No, not really.

Quest: I would like to change the subject for a moment. Remember that these interviews are conducted in complete anonymity and that names are changed to avoid any possibility of identification . . .

Assistant: You sound like a policeman cautioning me . . .

Quest: Do I? Sorry, it's just that I am instructed to get this absolutely clear. It is just that I can then ask intimate questions and you know that answers are confidential.

Assistant: Ask on.

Quest: Are you a virgin?

Assistant: No.

Quest: Can you tell me when you first experienced sexual intercourse?

Assistant: When I was 17. At a fairground. It was with a boy I thought was the cat's whisker. It wasn't a great success. Then there was nothing for a year till I met this other boy. We did it several times but I think I always knew he was no good. He just went off. Then I met Tony.

Quest: Tony is your present boyfriend?

Assistant: That's right.

Quest: And with Tony you determined not to have sex casually?

Assistant: You've been talking to Tony?

Quest: No, in our preliminary talks you hinted at this. Was it because you were frigid?

Assistant: I don't think so. Well, partly yes. I found it difficult to relax sexually with boys. By the third go it ought to be all right.

Quest: You don't consider yourself a modern sexual swinger?

Assistant: No. Nor do most of my friends. We think it's a bit of a line shoot from a few tarty girls who hog the headlines. We are willing to enjoy sex but I don't think most girls go about without pants and without bras. It wouldn't make sense.

Quest: So you weren't planning immediate sex with Tony?

Assistant: You make it sound very clinical. I suppose I was holding on to it a bit. I suppose it was the thought that if the third time went wrong it would always go wrong.

Quest: Tony had often asked you to have sex?

Assistant: Not so much asked. It's a bit difficult to be specific . . .

Quest: Please try.

Assistant: Well, when we were making love, you know kissing and caressing, Tony would want to, you know, penetrate me.

Quest: And you wouldn't let him?

Assistant: I never felt I was quite ready for that.

Quest: How did Tony react to this?

Assistant: Disappointed I suppose, but he seemed to understand. He is very good.

Quest: And this was when the vibrator came on the scene?

Assistant: Yes, it was in the flat one night. All three of us were there and we were looking at an advertisement for one, and at first we were giggling a bit but then it turned into quite a reasonable discussion. I think most of it was curiosity.

Quest: What did you assume the purpose of the vibrator was?

Assistant: That was the main point of the discussion. We couldn't believe they were exclusively intended for vibrating away surplus inches. I think we've all tried the various special offers you see in women's magazines but we've never found them awfully effective. We assumed these new ones could be used if you wished to give a girl an orgasm.

Quest: Then what happened?

Assistant: Tony called round. He listened to the discussion but I can't remember that he said anything.

Quest: In general, do you feel that your discussion group were in favour of these vibrators?

Assistant: I suppose we weren't anti. That's about the feeling.

Quest: What happened next?

Assistant: It was at Tony's flat. He shares with a boy called David. Tony and I were there alone and we were getting a bit worked up on his settee when suddenly

Tony said 'Have you seen one of these' and produced one of the vibrators.

Quest: What was your reaction?

Assistant: One of shock, really. I hadn't quite realised the shape.

Quest: In what way?

Assistant: Well, it was so phallic. I had expected something more like an electric shaver. But it reminded me, frankly, of a penis.

Quest: What did Tony do?

Assistant: He said try it and he put it against my cheek. It just felt tingly. It reminded me a bit of how you feel when you're waiting for an important telephone call or just about to have an interview. Tingly is the word.

Quest: And did Tony try it in any other places?

Assistant: My bra was undone because we were petting, and Tony tried it on my breast and then on my nipple. It had a wonderful effect. My nipples won't stand up easily, men sometimes have teased me about it, they say I'm frigid. But with this vibrator it made my nipple stand up very quickly. I was quite pleased and it certainly felt nice. Tony wanted to try it somewhere else. He had previously taken my pants off. Don't I sound terrible? It's just that we enjoy petting and it is much more convenient not to have pants in the way. Tony moved the thing down and wanted me to try it there . . .

Quest: Where?

Assistant: Don't pretend you don't understand. Inside me.

Quest: And did he?

Assistant: No, I wouldn't let him. I just couldn't. I think I would have done if I had been alone. Out of curiosity. But with Tony there it didn't seem right.

Quest: So what happened?

Assistant: Tony took it up to my breasts. Then he put it between them and that was quite something. Suddenly Tony, who was getting quite worked up by now, put the vibrator on one of my nipples and then began nibbling the other. That was quite a sensation. I was holding him tight and then he without warning put the vibrator in my ear. I know what it was but it really made me squirm and quite suddenly I was over the barrier. I knew what was happening and I didn't try to stop it. I began saying very sexy things to Tony and spreading my thighs. I felt him unzip himself and suddenly I could feel him there. He just slid into me. I had never known sex like it. I was shuddering deep down. It was like surf-riding or something. I didn't want it to stop. Tony was marvellous. It had all been so unexpected and he wasn't, you know, prepared or anything. He had the good sense to withdraw before he came. But for me it was too late, I was over the hill. It was the first orgasm I had ever had with sex. Tony had brought me to a climax many times with his fingers but this was entirely different.

Quest: So what happened after?

Assistant: I went straight on the pill, that's what.

Quest: I didn't really mean like that, but never mind. You mean you're having sex

Quest

why you need to have it all

No man can ever again regard women in quite the same light since Quest began pulling down the barriers that blocked communication between the sexes. Never before has a sexual survey let *you* join in erotic experience in the vivid way Quest does. Quest probes deeply into some of the most vital factors concerning the erotic response of individual women, exploring subjects that have not previously been examined with close and sympathetic scrutiny. Back numbers containing Quest are now running low. Several issues have completely sold out – which means that particular part of Quest is no longer available. This is why you must act now if you are missing any back numbers.

Surveys to date:

Vol. 3 No. 11 Sex at first meeting 45p; Vol. 4 Nos.: 3 Petting One 38p; 5 Petting Three 38p; 6 Petting Four 38p; 7 Stockings 38p; 8 Breast Fixation 38p; 11 Girls' erotic signals 38p; 12 Getting to know girls 50p; Vol. 5 Nos.: 2 The erotic virgins 38p; 3 Girls with large breasts 38p; 4 Girls' bottoms 38p; 5 Girls' secret nudity 38p; 6 What girls think of permissive pictures 38p; 7 Which men girls prefer 38p; 8 Bedroom manners 38p; 9 Girls who give themselves 38p; 10 What really turns girls on 38p; 11 Men who have it made 38p; 12 Girls who surrender to strangers 50p; Vol. 6 Nos.: 1 Girls at Parties 38p; 2 Girls in Offices 38p; 3 Girls in Shops 38p; 4 Girls in Hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in Hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on Holiday part one 38p; 7 Girls on Holiday part two 38p; 8 Girls on Holiday part three 38p; 9 Girls on Holiday – camping 38p

Please send me the following back numbers of Mayfair:
....
....
I enclose cheque/postal order for ....
Name..
Address..
....
.... Date.............................. M6/10

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, send your order on plain paper

now regularly?
Assistant: With Tony, yes.
Quest: And how about the vibrator?
Assistant: Oh we use it for fun, sometimes; but we don't really need it. It's not that important.
Quest: Thank you.

Two **Secretary, 23 years old, blonde, town of origin Harpenden**

This interviewee, an extremely well-built girl, had been married for two years and had no children. She and her husband had a flat in a suburban house. Before her marriage she had been a secretary, and continued to work as a secretary after her marriage but with a firm nearer her home.

Quest: In our preliminary talks you said that you could tell us something about vibrators.
Secretary: Did I?
Quest: To ask a straight question: do you have one?
Secretary: As a matter of fact I have.
Quest: Do you use it?
Secretary: To answer a straight question: yes.
Quest: Will you tell me about it?
Secretary: If you want.
Quest: Will you tell me how you first came to get it?
Secretary: By accident really. I was having a little bit of back trouble and thought this vibration treatment might do it good. I was telling my friend at the office about it and she laughed. She must have thought me terribly innocent. She said 'They're not meant to do your back much good. You don't need one when you've got a husband.' I was surprised. I truly had not realised what they were for.
Quest: And what, in your opinion, are they for?
Secretary: For getting a girl to have a climax, aren't they?
Quest: I don't know that that is the exclusive use, but it's not my job to say. Please go on.
Secretary: Oh honestly, they are for that. Look at the shape of them.
Quest: Please go on.
Secretary: Well it set me thinking. You see, John wasn't very good at recognising my needs. And he's very well up in the cricket club. He's on the committee and things. He's out on that three times a week and he tends to drink a bit and it isn't always all that successful.
Quest: I think you'll have to be a bit more specific if you can.
Secretary: I suppose so. He gets very randy on a Saturday night but he smells a bit beery by then. Am I being disloyal?
Quest: Carry on.
Secretary: And on week nights he tends to fall asleep as soon as he gets into bed. But it's deeper than that. I'm a difficult person to arouse fully. I have to trust somebody very much. So, more often than not, John's finished and I've hardly started. I began to think it wasn't really fair.
Quest: May I ask you a question. If you were to dream of a love fantasy what would it be?
Secretary: I think I'm too practical, down to earth, for that but I suppose a fairy story prince, beautiful and handsome, gathering me up in his arms . . .
Quest: No, I didn't really mean that. Think of the physical act of love, of sexual intercourse. How would it happen to you in your own private, erotic, imagination?
Secretary: What an interesting question. It's the sort of game that *Sunday Times* women probably play at dinner parties. It's a hard question to answer but there is one thing if you don't think me terrible.
Quest: I doubt it.
Secretary: I read it somewhere in a book and it stuck in my mind. I don't think it actually happened but it was in this girl's mind. She was having sex with this man in this field and she felt she was daggered to the damp earth. I think that is a gorgeous phrase.
Quest: It is very phallic. Does a big penis mean a lot to you?
Secretary: What a curious question. Let me think. You know, perhaps it does. It's a gorgeous thought isn't it?
Quest: I'm a man, remember.
Secretary: Sorry, it's all this wine you're giving me. Or your tight trousers.
Quest: You were saying perhaps it does.
Secretary: What does?
Quest: A big penis is important to you.
Secretary: Yes, I had forgotten this. But before I met John I went out with one. He was one of those typical public school boys. Small and dark and saturnine. Like junior James Masons. Do you understand?
Quest: Perfectly.
Secretary: I was very fond of him. He was my first public school boy. He was very languid you know. Anyway, he was very short but he had the most enormous thing. It really was. I have just remembered what he used to say. You'll think I'm a bit tiddly but it was gorgeously funny. He used to say little men often had big things and that all the men in the world would be the same size if they wore their things on the top of their heads. Don't you think that's priceless. It's true too.
Quest: It must say a lot for Tom Thumb's sex life. But go on.
Secretary: He really was enormous. They used to say I only went with Daniel because of it. It wasn't true. One day they played a terrible trick. Daniel lived in this flat with about six other boys. It was an old house and they each had a room. One night when he was out with me they emptied his room and just left in the middle one of those big wooden pepper grinders and a couple of tomatoes. I thought it rather crude.
Quest: Was Daniel your first lover, if indeed you made love?
Secretary: Oh we did. All the time. In the cinema practically. He wasn't my first. I was seduced when I was still at school and I had a couple of boyfriends before Daniel. But Daniel was my first real sex experience. The one I remember. He went to Hong Kong in the end. But I don't suppose it would have lasted. I sometimes think it was only my body he liked. I had a very big bust then. I suppose it's still quite good.
Quest: So it was a fair exchange really?
Secretary: On a physical level, yes.
Quest: And this you feel might have left you with a hankering for the big penis?
Secretary: Put that way I suppose so, yes.
Quest: And at the time we are talking of you were feeling rather sexually deprived or non-fulfilled.
Secretary: Non-fulfilled would be a fairer description. I think.
Quest: And so when the question of vibrators came up you were interested?
Secretary: Not at first, no. After Sheila mentioned it I began to think about it a bit and I thought I would like to see one. You know, it's not easy. Or perhaps I'm shyer than most. Because I am out at work there would have been nobody at the flat to take it in if I sent for one by post. I couldn't give my office address as it would probably be opened before it got to me. And I didn't really feel I could walk into one of those sex shops.
Quest: So how did you solve the problem.
Secretary: Well, it was only curiosity at the time, remember. I only wanted to see one. Then I saw an advertisement in some magazine or other and it showed me what it was like. As well as sending by post it said 'personal callers welcomed'. So I rang them from the office and said did they have any in stock. I suppose I felt that as an anonymous phone caller I could always put the phone down. But they sounded so cheerful and normal that I said I would call for one. So I went up there in my lunch hour. It was a part of London I rarely go to so I didn't feel embarrassed or anything.
Quest: Did you pay cash?
Secretary: Yes.
Quest: They are quite expensive. How come you had that amount of money on you?
Secretary: I went to the post office in the lunch hour.
Quest: So you set out intending to buy one?
Secretary: Not really, it was just in case. But it wasn't all that expensive.
Quest: And were you satisfied with your purchase?
Secretary: Well it frightened me a bit. It always does. It looked quite big.
Quest: And when did you try it out?
Secretary: Not for a day or two. It was the evening John was at his committee meeting. I was washing my hair and having a bath and I thought I would give it a try. It was tingly and rather pleasant.
Quest: Where did you try it?

ELDA
ELDA UNDIES *speak the language of love*

The world's most exotic brassieres and sheer sensuous lingerie for those intimate hours. Send for new, exciting 24-page colour catalogue enclosing 15p, refunded on first order.

Dept. M.9. ELDA ORIGINALS, 198, Finchley Rd., London, NW3

How DATELINE can make you a hundred times more attractive!

Dateline does in seconds what would take you much longer than a lifetime to achieve!

Imagine if you were never to meet more than 20 people in your lifetime . . . your chances of finding the ideal partner would be very low. Double that number and you double your chances, and so on. But the bigger the number, the harder it becomes to get to know all the people and make the best choice.

BUT NOW—DATELINE WILL SORT THROUGH SIX AND A HALF MILLION FACTS AND FIGURES, ABOUT 50,000 PEOPLE, AND PICK OUT YOUR IDEAL PARTNER . . . IN SECONDS!

Yes, it's absolutely true, the Dateline Computer does just that. Not only will the person it picks for you share your interests and live up to your ideals—but will also be looking for somebody just like you!

IN THIS WAY, DATELINE REALLY DOES INCREASE YOUR PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS!

All you have to do is fill in the Dateline Questionnaire, which has been designed by computer experts and psychologists and within days you could be meeting your ideal partner picked out from thousands of other Dateline participants by the miracle of modern science! The Dateline system is the most sophisticated in Europe, with the very latest £65,000 IBM System 3 computer. Already it has given happiness and lasting relationships for many thousands. It can do the same for you!

Dateline COMPUTER DATING
23 Abingdon Road, London, W.8. Tel: 01-937 0102

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
TEL: .... AGE ....
MFD

GET IT NOW!

MAY 1972
MAYFAIR

YOUR MAYFAIR CALENDAR 1972

Our first-ever Mayfair Calendar is a smash hit. Everyone wants to spend a year with our twelve delicious dollies. You demanded this calendar, so we picked a dozen of the most arousing girls from Mayfair and put them together to give you a lift in 1972.

SEND FOR YOURS NOW.
Be warned. Stocks won't last. All calendar publishers print less than demand, so none are left when the new year starts. Don't wait for December. Get yours now.

Each calendar comes in its own plain box envelope. Price: 73p plus 15p postage

Please send me .... copies of the 1972 Mayfair Calendar. I enclose cheque/postal order for ....

Name ....
Address ....
.... M610

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, send your order on a plain sheet of paper.

Secretary: Where do you think?

Quest: In your vagina.

Secretary: Not inside. Just outside. It was quite fun. Then I went further. It was quite fun.

Quest: Did you have an orgasm?

Secretary: Not that evening, no. But on another evening when I was feeling a bit depressed I did it more determinedly, if you know what I mean.

Quest: Please be more specific.

Secretary: Well on my clitoris and things and using it more as a man's thing. And I had an orgasm. My first for some time. I felt a bit of a cheat but then beggars can't be choosers.

Quest: And did you continue to use it to have orgasms?

Secretary: From time to time, but then the great drama happened.

Quest: What was that?

Secretary: It was a Saturday night. John was playing in an away match and I wasn't going with him. It wasn't too far away and I knew he'd be home just before closing time. That's our little pact. He goes to the pub with the boys, or back to the club house, but he gets home before closing time. I knew what he would be like, a bit randy and I began to think about how our sex didn't work all that well and then I had an idea. I thought, suppose I go to bed and start the good work, so to speak. If I get myself sort of part of the way along the path and then John comes home and wants to have a bit then we might hit it together. Do you follow?

Quest: Very well.

Secretary: So there was I in our bed in my sexiest nightie and my legs apart and then the silliest thing happened.

Quest: What was that?

Secretary: I fell asleep.

Quest: And so what happened?

Secretary: John came home, climbed into bed and found the vibrator.

Quest: What did he do?

Secretary: Well that's where John is so good. He realised the score of course. He said it was his fault, but this didn't come out until the next morning. It was what happened when he found the vibrator. It turned him on terribly. We wondered afterwards if it was a sort of challenge to his masculinity. He had this great hard-on (you're not shocked by me using that word. I know it's a bit crude) and he sort of launched himself on top of me. I was still a bit sleepy but I soon woke up I can tell you. For once I didn't wrap my legs round him. I just kept them out fairly straight and left him to it. It was like that thing I was telling you about. Daggered to the damp ground. I hadn't realised how like it it was.

Quest: And you had a climax?

Secretary: And how! Best for ages. I think it was for John too.

Quest: And you still use the vibrator?

Secretary: It's on the top of the wardrobe. But John knows I won't use it unless it becomes necessary, if you understand.

Quest: I do. Thank you.

Three **School teacher, 31 years old, brunette, town of origin Morpeth**

This interviewee was a teacher in a junior school. She had gone from grammar school to teacher training college and had passed straight into teaching. She was single and had a flat of her own.

Quest: Do you know what a stimulator is?

Teacher: In general terms yes: that which stimulates. I knew a teacher once who called the school cane a stimulator.

Quest: No, in specific terms.

Teacher: No.

Quest: Or vibrator?

Teacher: Something used in the treatment of arthritis, isn't it?

Quest: No. I meant in sexual terms.

Teacher: No. Tell me.

Quest: It's a device that can be used among other things for sexual stimulation.

Teacher: I see.

Quest: When we were talking earlier you said you considered yourself unfrustrated, and that you were not a virgin.

Teacher: That is so.

Quest: So you enjoy orgasms?

Teacher: Certainly.

Quest: Regularly?

Teacher: Indeed.

Quest: With one man or with several men?

Teacher: With one man mostly. I am not a promiscuous girl by nature.

Quest: This is your fairly regular man friend, Ambrose?

Teacher: You know him?

Quest: Yes.

Teacher: You mean he has been talking about me?

Quest: To be perfectly honest it was because of something he said that we got in touch with you and asked you to talk to us. You are looking annoyed.

Teacher: So would you if you had been tricked in this way.

Quest: Tricked in what way?

Teacher: I thought you wanted to talk to me in confidence about sex and now it appears that it's not confidential at all.

Quest: Please understand, there has not been gossip about you. It was because of one thing we were told when we were looking for people to interview that made us hope you would be able to help us. You know, I think, what that thing was.

Teacher: You had better tell me.

Quest: Quite simply, and reasonably, you had a vibrator at your flat.

Teacher: Tell me more.

Quest: Ambrose had said he went back with you to your flat one evening and that by chance a pillow on the bed was moved and that under the pillow was a vibrator.

Teacher: I don't think he should have told you that. Especially what happened that night. It didn't reflect much credit on him.

Quest: Perhaps you would tell me what happened?

Teacher: Yes, we had had a nice evening at a little bistro and had both got a little bit drunk, I expect. I don't know if you know it but Ambrose has got this thing about girls' underwear – my panties, actually.

Quest: In what way?

Teacher: He just likes them. He's always buying me little flimsy scraps of pants and wants me to put them on in front of him. And he likes taking my panties off. It's quite a ritual with him. As we were coming back from the bistro he kept putting his hand up the back of my skirt and feeling my bottom. He was getting very excited because I had these silky see-through panties that hardly covered me at all. When we got to my flat I practically had to fight him off as soon as we got in the door.

Quest: Did you want to fight him off?

Teacher: Well I didn't want to be raped on the doormat. I like a man to show a little control. Anyway, we kissed and he was stroking my breasts and then he suggested we should go into the bedroom. Then when I was on the bed he began his tricks. I don't know that I should be telling you this.

Quest: Please do. It is very helpful. What tricks were these?

Teacher: He made me lie down on the bed face up, then he would slowly pull my skirt up till it was practically over my face. Then he would touch me very gently on my panties and around my thighs and sometimes kiss me. Then sometimes he would make me turn over and he would stroke my bottom very gently and sometimes pull the panties up very tight so they were almost cutting me underneath. After that it was often a relief when he took them off me. Even then he did it very slowly. Then, before we made love, he would very carefully arrange a pillow under my bottom. He is really very thoughtful. But that was the cause of it, this time, because when he got hold of the pillow he saw the thing underneath.

Quest: And what did he do?

Teacher: He began to laugh. I was a bit shy about it and went red and he made some remark. It was the worst thing he could have done. We had a row and I got cross and told him to get out and he did. It was a bit funny really because he didn't have his trousers on. It's hard for a man to be dignified without his trousers.

Quest: And the vibrator, was it yours?

Teacher: Yes, it was. I know what you're going to say but I don't care. Don't you ever lie about things?

Quest: Frequently, I expect. But why did you lie?

Teacher: You asked your questions so bluntly. I didn't intend to keep it a secret it was just so sudden. I'm not embarrassed to have one.

Quest: Have you had it long?

Teacher: A few months.
Quest: Did you go into a sex shop and buy it?
Teacher: I sent up for it. This mail order thing. But I tell you something. I didn't put Miss in front of my name. Just my initials. So they didn't know I was a woman. I didn't want to be blackmailed.
Quest: Blackmailed?
Teacher: No, that's being silly. I just wondered what would happen if a man turned up on my doorstep and said that unless I did something or other he would tell my headmistress. I think she would faint if she knew. She was astonished and bewildered by that teacher who took part in the sex film.
Quest: The one who masturbated?
Teacher: I suppose so.
Quest: Do you masturbate?
Teacher: Really, the questions you ask.
Quest: I mean bring yourself to a climax with your fingers?
Teacher: Occasionally. After all you have to with some men.
Quest: Did you after your row with Ambrose?
Teacher: Why do you ask that? I did have a climax, actually. With the vibrator, I had two, to be precise. I didn't care. After he had gone I thought: so what. He knows. I might as well get the pleasure from it. So I did.
Quest: So your vibrator has really replaced your fingertips as a means of achieving orgasm?
Teacher: Yes, in a way. It doesn't seem so much a self thing if you follow. I mean it is an outside thing that does it. Whether it is a man's penis or one of these things doesn't make any difference to the result, does it?
Quest: I'm not a woman so I can't answer that. The main thing is you find it useful in your own case.
Teacher: Yes, yes I do.
Quest: Thank you.

SURVEY SUMMARY

The biggest difficulty in conducting this survey was finding girls who admitted using a vibrator. The practice is probably not widespread although suppliers of these devices have pointed out to us that there is a massive mail order response almost entirely from women. At this moment it would seem to be a growing practice. Of course, it is largely linked to the whole much bigger question of female masturbation, a subject which has never been adequately researched, probably because of the unwillingness of women to provide accurate and detailed information. In the case of vibrators we certainly found a fairly common feeling of guilt or reticence about their use although this was sometimes cloaked by an aggressive tone.

In interview one we had the interesting case of the girl who reached a point of willingness to make love to a boy through the use of a vibrator. A large amount of credit must go to the unknown boyfriend of this interviewee who appears to have deliberately attempted to unlock his girlfriend's body by this means, having failed by more orthodox methods. There is in this a fascinating thought that the curiosity value of such devices may be an aid to seduction. This was certainly borne out when Quest investigated other sexual aids (to be published in a future Quest). We felt there was in this interview the qualities of healthy good sense brought to the subject that we have noted recently in many Quest interviews.

In interview two we uncovered a different aspect. In this the woman was prepared to use a vibrator as an extra to her sex life, truly, in fact, as an aid and not a substitute. Here the most interesting thing was the effect on her husband. It is very unwise to make judgments when all the evidence comes through a third party, but it seems fair to assume that in some way the husband was affected. Perhaps he found the mechanical aspects stimulating (remember there is a famous song, sung certainly at cricket dinners, about the 'bloody great wheel,' and 'the prick of steel'); perhaps he suddenly realised the need to match the artificial aid. In either case the result was a happy one for the girl concerned. There could be little doubt of the beneficial aspects of this.

In the third interview we had a different phenomenon entirely. Firstly we must pay tribute to the courage of the interviewee. After the interview she decided she did not wish us to use it. But after persuasion she saw that her own inhibitions and guilt feelings, so plainly revealed, could help others reading this. It was very interesting that she felt sufficiently vulnerable to find it necessary to lie about having a vibrator. This interviewee was apparently quite highly strung but in spite of any guilt feelings she may have had she seemed very firm in her opinion that the vibrator was of beneficial use to her. It would be interesting to know, in a year or so, how many other women would share her views.

MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR

BOUND FOR LASTING PLEASURE

Our rich tan binders with gold blocked letters on the front and spine are built to withstand a lifetime of hard usage. Each holds a heady symposium of twelve issues, ready to be taken down from your bookshelf at a moment's notice for you to peruse back through delicious sights forgotten. They cost £1.25 each, post and packing included. From Pat Asquith, Mayfair, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2

COLLECTOR'S PIECES

Our special collection of picked back numbers costs £1·25 – but if you do not act quickly all of these memorable issues will be sold out for ever. For £1·25 you get: Vol. 2 Nos: 3 and 11 and Vol. 3 Nos: 5, 6 and 11.

MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR
King

Other issues available:
At 30p: Vol. 3 Nos: 6 (Nell in hay, submarines); 7 Fiona nude, Napoleon's sex life); 8 Sheila's plastic bed, machine-guns); 10 (Sally, censor on 'Blow-up', mini skirts).
At 38p: Vol. 4 Nos: 3 (Sophia in chains, duelling); 5 (Jackie naked with snakes, historic orgy); 6 (The girls of Scotland, last cavalry charge); 7 (The nudest student, double-bed spying); 8 (Amber unlaced, X-films); 11 (Harrison Marks' nudes, Alison); **Vol. 5 Nos:** 2 (A portfolio of erotic clothing, Madeline); 3 (Erotic Edwardienne, girls made captive, Daimlers); 4 (Sexy schoolgirls, nudest Anne Heywood, roadsters); 5 (Nudest Baroness, Jane Birkin, torpedoes); 6 (Nude on the beach, Japanese cars, the naked cinema); 7 (Pop star Millie Nude, the West's greatest gunfight, the Avenger); 8 (Provocative Penny, Scapa Flow, bedroom manners); 9 (Nude on the Dappled Grey, Farmgirls); 10 (Girls who hitch-hike, Angela's forty inches, Fairey Delta Two); 11 (Force 8 Gail, Panzer tanks, au pair Monique); **Vol. 6 Nos:** 1 (Naked Princess, 'Pyjama' star Mia); 2 (Hot blonde Leena, Bugattis, nude airhostess); 3 (Alison, Turpin, buried planes); 4 (Eleanor, skirt secrets, traction engines); 5 (Naval foul-up, Victoria Jane, girls of Japan); 6 (Nude Vivien Neves, Paula, Invasion); 7 (Fearless Lyndy, Carolyn, Comics); 8 (Virgin Jennifer, Mandy, gang-bang); 9 (Penny Mallett – the nude beauty queen, Bentleys).
Special issues at 45p: Vol. 3: 11 (First Quest, Nicola nude, explosives, ribaldry).
Special issues at 50p: Vol. 4: 12 (Caroline Dell, space sex); **Vol. 5:** 12 (Gabrielle, Cognac, nude girls of 1970, Virgin Witch).

Next Month in Mayfair

THE LITTLE GIRL FROM BIG BRISTOL

She's the most bubbly thing to come out of the West Country since cider. We first saw her as she scampered down a Bristol street. She is small, small, but big, big where it counts. She has the unlikely nickname of Pobbles and when you ask her why, she grins like a Cheshire kitten and says: 'Why not? Perhaps it's because I wobble when I walk.' She's a pint-sized package with a million pound punch, and you're on the receiving end in next month's issue of Mayfair

Have you ever imagined yourself as the Noble Sir Guy, charging down the lists to unhorse the boastful Black Knight of Syn? It's a schoolboy dream, right enough, but most men have a nostalgic weakness for the clash of steel and the heraldic splendour of medieval pageantry. Today this is being recreated with considerable fervour by the British Jousting Society who organise colourful tourneys in various parts of Britain. Mayfair has recorded it in some remarkable camera shots

We all know about sex shops and the items they sell. But in most publications that is where the information ends. Not in Mayfair. We have been researching the whole amazing field of sexual aids and what women think about them. Which are the ones that move them to heights of ecstasy? Next month we continue our unique survey. Most important, a man can make himself certain of sexual success by utilising one of the most powerful of female emotions . . . curiosity

Witchcraft is on the increase. Perhaps in a quiet English hamlet the midnight walker may come upon a coven dancing naked in the moonlight. Or a ruined chapel reveal remains of some nameless rite linking back to days of pre-religion. Whatever the evidence it usually has sexual significance. Mayfair has been looking at witches and sex appeal and has commissioned Ronald Cobb for the inimitable illustrations.

Subscribe – get your Mayfair early

We operate a special privilege system for subscribers. When you pay £3·60 for 12 copies of Mayfair magazine delivered to you by post – we send them each month on a special preview basis. You get your print-fresh copy anything up to five days before it's on sale on the newsstands! Sent in a flat plain envelope so that it's never bent or rolled like other magazines. Fill in the form now

To Miss Pat Asquith, Mayfair Reader Service, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me the next twelve issues of Mayfair, for which I enclose cheque/postal order for £3·60

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Date......... M610

GIRL WEIGHING GOLD

continued from page 27

to believe you or not? And you shouldn't say this sort of thing, to anyone. Especially as it's probably true.'

'Well, you see it won't matter now what I do.'

'It'll always matter.'

'Why?'

'Because you have to be loyal to yourself. Everyone has a kind of – integrity.'

'I haven't.'

'Well, I think you have, but never mind. Go to bed.'

'You still refuse? Suppose we just went to your room, and talked?'

'No.'

'But if we didn't go to bed together? Or perhaps you might change your mind, then.'

No answer.

'Anyhow that's why I've broken off my engagement.'

No answer.

'So I'm not engaged any more, and it won't matter. Shall we go?'

No answer.

'I could make you, you know.'

No answer.

'What if I said you'd seduced me?'

'Do so.'

'You'd be sent away.'

No answer.

'Or I could even go and say you'd raped me.'

An iconology: the dream-like Blaeu maps. A trace of lifeless ash.

'Now I really do lose patience with you.'

'Stop! I *promise* you, if you don't change your mind that's what I'll tell everyone.'

'No one will believe you. But still, if we're making threats, perhaps I'd better report *this* conversation, in whatever detail I can remember.'

'No one will believe *you*, because my friends will all believe *me*, and they'll back me up.'

'You don't know how much trouble you're on the edge of making.'

Her youthful figure, now naked, adorned with her long hair; her slim waist and small breasts, and the shadowed heaven between her legs, where now her fingers fluttered.

At the fairground, the following Friday night, in the sweet town of Pepys.

There she is, standing in front of a booth, with the barker shouting out, and his eyes sometimes falling on her. Don't blame him. Girl alone, in the winter fair, in shining noise and colour. Small and slim, hair flowing over her shoulders against a black jacket. White blouse. Surrounded by crowds, milling and jostling, boys and girls in twos, the coloured lights, jazzy music, blaring pop, laughing people, smiling faces. And Alice alone. Actually she, herself, is not really smiling, there's just a little amusement on her lips as she listens to the barker, and watches him. Standing beneath a string of bright little lamps, scarlet and green, the wind of a winter evening fluttering among them. Her power of luminosity, and vivacity of sparkle.

She's not really interested in the bearded lady, the girl living and breathing under water, the real live mermaid brought from the still-vexed Bermoothes, the family of midgets. But she's just a little fascinated by the way he does it. He's good at it. He's clever, patient, the crowds move forward and pay their shillings. Not Alice.

She turns away, wanders towards the dodgems, stands watching the sparking electricity, the crashing cars and rumbling wheels, the shrieks and cries of mock alarm. Alice. Alice. Alice. Her clear profile. Beautiful, doll-like, breathtaking. The device of the reflection:bronze-green silk: the lace chemise about her wrist, and the girl's sleeve with its gold thread. She looks at the helter-skelter, watches people rolling pennies down sloping pieces of wood, and losing all the time. Painted horses dipping up and down, swirling, red and white canopies. The smell of naphthalene, and oil, and violet glow.

I speak to her. I've been hesitating for some moments, and she turns round to look at me, smile, and shake her head. Gently but firmly. Perhaps she's breaking my heart. But she does it so gracefully that I just look after her, as she moves away, dazzled by her loveliness, not even aware enough to be sad. Perhaps I'll meet her again, later. Perhaps she'll be gentler still, then, and not shake her head. Perhaps. At any rate, she's left me in dreams and desires and longing.

The colour *bleuté*. The warm moist lips of her poppy air, her flushed crimson face, two pairs of hands at once beneath her skirt, her bottom beneath her clothes, her legs that part slightly. She goes to watch the boys showing off with the airguns.

She suddenly claps, like everyone else, at a boy who's just carried off a trophy. Good shooting. Even the attendant looks a little shaken. Then away again.

Music blaring out *Those Were the Days* and a military march and *Columbia, Gem of the Ocean*. Someone waving a stick of peppermint rock, and a boy of ten, by a stall, just overwhelmed by his candy floss. She's like a wandering dream, from here to there, *een stil leven*, and back again, surrounded by something different, something unusual. She's not *like* a girl alone. There's a quiet happiness radiating from her: the sense of confidence. She's not looking for a boy, for love, for a dream, or even for me. Just the happiness of the fair in winter.

Past stalls of artificial flowers, glass bowls, and canaries, tinsel balls on elastic. Until I come back, and speak to her again. She leans against a post, looking up at me. Lips hesitating on the verge of a smile. I point to a coffee stall, and she shrugs her shoulders. Sitting on opposite sides of a rickety table, beneath a large map of the seventeen provinces. Looking at each other. Both of us smiling.

Alice.

Just incredibly beautiful.

'My father is Persian, my mother Russian.'

'Oh. So you speak Russian.' *My love.*

'Of course.'

'And Persian too . . .' *Come back, don't move.*

'Do you know any Persian?'

'Only a few words. I once met two Persian girls, long ago, and one of them taught me these two lines: *agar ferdaus bar ruye zamin ast, hamin ast, u hamin ast, u hamin ast.* I'm sorry I'm saying it so badly.' *Are you listening to my heart?*

'So badly, I can't understand it.'

'In English it means: if there be paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.' *I need you, I need you.*

'Oh yes, now I understand it.'

'How did you ever learn all these languages?' *You're beautiful, let's talk about us.*

'Well, Persian and Russian were my first two, and then I went to school in Switzerland, where I learned French. And I also know English!'

'So I see! And Spanish?' *I don't want to lose you.*

'In Spanish I'm not fluent.'

'One day.' *Be beautiful.*

'Have you ever felt sad?'

'Yes. Like everyone.' *Stay, stay a while longer.*

'Tell me when.'

'On hundreds of occasions.' *I'm afraid of time going by.*

'Have you ever felt sad for, for some *unaccountable* reason?'

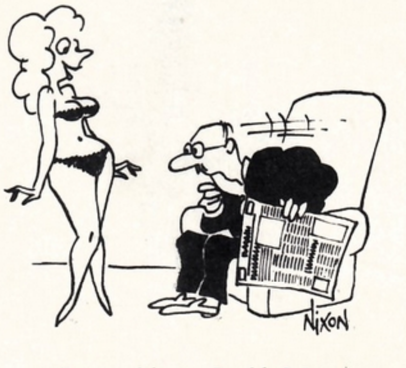
'Yes.' *My mouth wants you.*

'Tell me one of them, then.'

'Well, I'll try to remember one. Yes. My wife and I were sitting one day in a house in a forest, talking to a woman called Olive. She was about sixty-five, in fact she died only last year, of some kind of cancer, I'd known her long before, when I was only about twenty myself, but in all the years between she'd grown terribly old, well, it happens to all of us, she'd lost her teeth, and she was tired and bent, and she wasn't at all lovely any more, not as she had been once, even as she still had been at forty, when I first knew her.' *Stroke me, touch me, hold me, love me.*

'And that was sad?'

'Perhaps, but it wasn't that I meant. No. It was something worse, somehow. We were drinking coffee after lunch. We were using home-made cups, made from clay or terracotta or whatever it is, fired and glazed by Olive herself. And the handle on my cup was loose, it was almost broken off. So the very next time it was washed, it



'Do you like it, Daddy? It's made from real pubic hair'

would be sure to come off. I held the cup very carefully, anxious for it not to happen in my hand, or while I was there. But it was going to happen when we'd left. I found that sad. The whole situation, but especially the cup, just unbearably sad.' *Don't move, don't move.*

'How?'

'Well, somehow it was Olive's cup, and here it was broken, and finished, as she herself was broken, and finished, and when we'd gone, the cup would break, and she would die. Even though I didn't know exactly that. I mean, I didn't know it then.

Pause.

'What is your wife like, then?'

'Like Jane Austen.' *Yes, you do love me.*

'To look at?'

'I meant, she can analyse.' *You do love me.*

'Do you love her?'

'Of course.' *Do love me.*

'Have you any children?'

'Two boys and a girl.' *Love me.*

Pause.

'Tell me more about Olive.'

'She believed strange things. Unusual. She believed she possessed magical gifts. Or natural gifts. She would lay rose petals, or leaves of herbs, on water in sunlight, for a few days, and then bottle the water, claiming it could cure people.'

'Did it?'

'Probably. All her patients believed in her.'

'Do you believe in people, rather than things?'

'Sometimes.'

'Do you believe in me?'

No answer.

'And why won't you let me tell you about my lover in Persia, when I was eleven?'

'It's your affair, not mine.'

'Don't you want to know how long it went on?'

'No.'

'Well, not long, anyway, because they found out, and I was sent away to school. In Switzerland. When I was at school in Switzerland I was only about thirteen. And all the other girls were seventeen or eighteen or even older.'

'So they treated you as a baby.'

'No, actually they didn't. But they were all mad about boys, or men. Every night the staff or the waiters would come into their rooms and sleep with them. Everyone did it.'

'So you did the same.'

'Yes, naturally.'

'Well, you needn't tell me about it.'

'Are you afraid of that side of my life?'

'Not afraid.'

'But if the present could be like the past was? Supposing you and I liked each other, enough to . . .'

No answer.

Young girl at the virginals.

A rose on the floor, passionate and defiled. Her hands touching the keys lightly. The small narrow waist, her slim shaking shoulders, panting tongue. Blue silk bodice, white satin skirt, delicate cords. A string of pearls. Landscape in an ornate frame of gold.

Extraordiner Konstig en Kragtig geschildert.

A hand beneath her skirt.

Under the pale green dome of the hanging lamp.

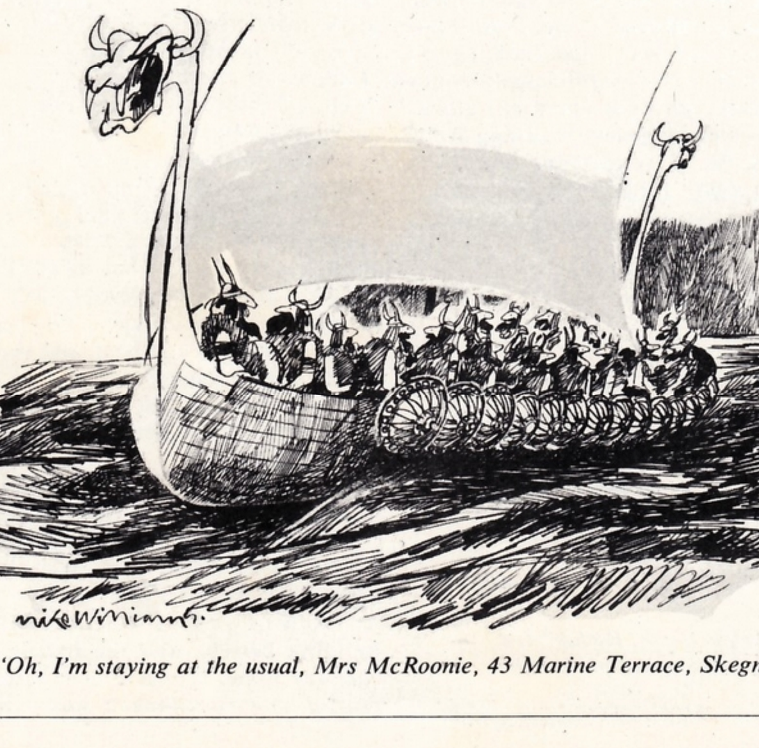
The drenched tunnel.

A piece of fluff in the air above her, finer than spun glass.

Alice singing sweetly, softly, to herself in French: *fadet, fadet, petit fadet/prends ta chandelle et ton cornet/j'ai pris ma cape et mon capet/toute follette a son follet.*

Mouth upon mouth, her singing stilled, and the moist little shadow, dream-barred.

In the following weeks her love, whether accomplished or frustrated, turns into hatred, even she throws stones and pebbles in the gravelled drive, and takes her story of seduction and rape to anyone who will listen. Indeed, everyone is anxious to listen. But my story is believed, though it is false, and hers disbelieved, though it is true.



'Oh, I'm staying at the usual, Mrs McRoonie, 43 Marine Terrace, Skegness'

Alice above the small brass bowl, looking downwards – Anthony Palamedes – and a partly nude little girl, partly covered with a burnt-orange dress. There are stormy interviews, tears and accusations, and on my part a cold indifference and a quiet insistence on what I convince even myself to be the truth.

Ravishing sirens, each waving her hand-mirror.

Naturally she is expelled, and no one ever sees her again.

Shining wires.

Her stomach arched passionately upwards towards me, the girl gasping in a sudden wave of fear, the rise and fall between her open thighs, and her young body suddenly stiffening.

And no one ever sees her again.

Except, a year later, in another winter, I do. It's fairly late at night, but perhaps not late as nights go. There are a few people waiting for the last bus here in the town centre, a little group strung out along the pavement, not talking, just waiting and tired. They've been to a theatre, cinema perhaps, are off home to cocoa and bed and dreams. A few cars go by.

And then hers comes, the car with her in it, Alice herself, sitting on the side nearer the pavement, with her boy friend driving. Not the car for a winter night, you'd think. An open sports car, low, powerful. We're all, perhaps, envious because they're so young. The sheer dream of her long bright hair. Eyes of wandering gold. Neither Alice nor her boy are wearing coats. The windscreen and the car heater protect them from the cold night air. It looks just gloriously and wonderfully defiant.

Though here in the town at the moment, perhaps they've just driven, or perhaps they will be driving, through country woods and along lanes where the car headlights will pick up white tunnels through the branches and trees, stars in the clear sky overhead. Wind over the hills, and her hair flying, lips parted, eyes gleaming, heart uplifted. Alice with the boy who will kiss her lips and take her hands. Waterfalls in the hollow of the night: a drop of rainwater seen through a microscope at Delft, on the ninth of October, 1676, by Anton van Leeuwenhoek. Meanwhile, here they are at the traffic lights.

Paralysed for a few seconds like a still photograph of loveliness. White dress, sparkling and gleaming necklace against her skin, hair flowing like water. Looking up at *him*, instead of at me, her hand resting lightly against his. *Een Juffertje die goud weegt*: girl weighing gold.

When the lights change the car pulls away, silently, and in a moment she is gone out of sight. Like a rose in the depths of the night, to some unknown dream, unknown heaven. Leaving behind her the touch of a paradise just glimpsed, again, and remembered, again, for an instant of time. And smoke from a brazier drifts across the darkened gardens.

Her nightdress raised round her neck, above her warm body and young breasts, a soft collar of silk.

The password is Gordon's
Gordon's
By Appointment
To Her Majesty the Queen
Gin Distillers
Gordon's
Special Dry
London Gin
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Limited
The Distillery London, E.C.1
CONTENTS 26⅔ FL. OZS.
The Heart of a good Cocktail
70° PROOF
DISTILLED IN LONDON, ENGLAND.
FROM 100% GRAIN SPIRIT
THE SHAPE
OF DRINKS TO COME

THE FILM THAT FIRED THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

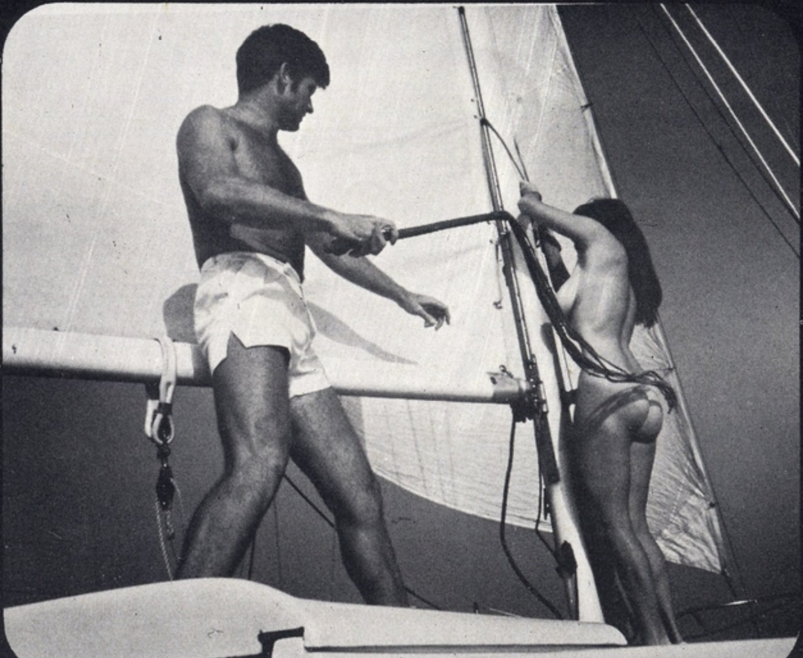
Fired her with enthusiasm, possibly. Someone decided that for costume effect, you can't beat skin

The film, in its uplifting American way, calls itself: 'How to Succeed with the Opposite Sex.' When the first stills of this remarkable new sex comedy came to our notice we assumed they had borrowed a golden rule from 'How to be a Super Salesman' namely that the goods must be prominently displayed. After a few minutes it became the new office game – could anyone find any trace of clothing in any of the pictures. To be honest, there was a shot, rejected by us, which featured a pair of male underpants. But since they were in the process of being taken off, anyway, we did not think it seriously upset our belief that we were in the presence of the nudest film of all time. It was clearly our duty to investigate this interesting hypothesis.

When actor Zack books in at the nudist camp he is at once surrounded by nubile knockers giving us, the audience, a well-rounded view (above left). Soon Zack is playing Red Indians in the long grass on the understanding, presumably, that none but the free deserve the brave (middle top). Indoor sports (above) are also on the curriculum for the armchair athlete. Come graduation day (left) we see the lovely line-up with teacher Zack and the eager class of '71.

Upon examination we discover that the plot of this film concerns the sad case of a young man who has, so to speak, sown but not reaped. Although engaged he is not allowed his oats. This lamentable lack he seeks to rectify by hauling his fiancee off to a nudist camp where he hopes the sight of so much potential machinery will tickle her carburettor and cause her to fire at last. Alas, the opposite is the case. His repeated failure causes him to lose his confidence. He thereupon buys a book with the same title as the film and embarks upon a long voyage of seduction – a task made easier by the fact that young actresses today are tired of moustachioed heavies like Mick Jagger and Oliver Reed and are happy to endulge their acting abilities with Zack Taylor who has the clean-cut Kennedy looks. Rest assured, romantic reader, that after his Grand Tour, our hero returns to roost in his own nest, although somewhat zagged out, we would surmise. We note that this epic is billed as 'The Gone with the Wind of X Films'. Well, certainly the clothes line blew away.

The Rector's croquet (top left) was never like this. In croquet, as the expert will know, a fair amount of 'knocking off' is allowable. In this game, we are not surprised. From here the girls progress to ring-a-ring-a-roses (left) and Zack consoles himself with the thought that if he has remembered his rhyme aright, the ending is 'all fall down'. The scene shifts to the pool (above) where the still eager water nymphs demonstrate the splendour of their buoyancy tanks. This causes friend Zack to make comparisons with his girl friend (above) and as shown in the best commercials, there is really nothing to compare with the taste test, especially if you have accidentally-on-purpose boobed with the golden syrup. Finally (right) if you can't join them beat them. Zack, exasperated with his non-giving girl friend follows nautical tradition and lashes her to the mast before applying a stinger to the seat of the problem.



LETTERS

continued from page 10

occasional tantalizing glimpses – but what an effect they had. As DG reminds us – the 'unacceptable' language alone. I'm sure too, that Mr Gifford could remind us in his eloquent way of the serial film versions of many of these transatlantic favourites. I avidly absorbed them whenever my Saturday coppers would run to it – the mesmeric experience of ten weekly cliff-hanging episodes of 'Buck Rogers' in our dusty Temperance Hall Kinema, followed by a similar series of 'Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars' springs at once to mind.

I can't recall, even hazily, what insignificant rubbish accompanied these 25 minute masterpieces – but that was well over thirty years ago, and one only remembers important things! Come on, Denis Gifford, there's more, much more, to be told.

John R Phillips, Albion Place, Northampton

I thought for a moment your latest cover was of Susannah York. After seeing her in 'Freud' on TV I still think she is one of the sexiest birds ever. That sensual mouth. Wow!!!

A.J. Bowthorpe, Woodside Avenue, Chesham, Bucks.

Agreement. And talking of sexy mouths we think our illustration on page 30 of this issue has something to offer.

Solve my uncertainty. Was your cover girl on Vol. 6 No. 8 Susannah York?

John Del Val, Marine Drive, Brighton, Sussex.

Unhappily, no. When that fortunate day occurs, be assured, we will trumpet it to the hills.

I have heard of a bachelor organisation called TANK. Can you tell me about it and can I join? They don't come any more dedicated than me.

Peter Calverley, Sherborne Road, Yeovil, Somerset.

Yes, we know a little about TANK. It was founded by Lance Percival and some friends. Lance claims to have turned down £100,000 from a prospective father-in-law, so they don't come more dedicated than that! TANK represents the initials of an inspiring motto for all bachelors. The true words must never be revealed but it's fun for girl friends to try and guess. Have a try yourself. We're lucky. We know the correct answer. It's worth the effort to work it out.

There seems to be a misconception among most men about the bird pulling properties of sports cars. I would like to refute the premise that a sports car is the ultimate bird puller. Next time you're on the road you may be surprised to note the number of men driving alone in sports cars.

In fact I think certain saloon cars have a far higher bird pulling propensity.

Also I firmly believe that the girl who can enjoy an old open topped tourer or characterful saloon is going to enjoy being with you and show it, far more than the girl who rides in a smooth car just for show. While owning a small sports car I have never met with the success I am now having with my Citroen Light 15 – the old fashioned French taxi and police car model with its massively roomy inside and sexily curved front wings.

I drive one painted in pale orange and black with a sliding sun roof – which attracts the girls I want – more effectively.

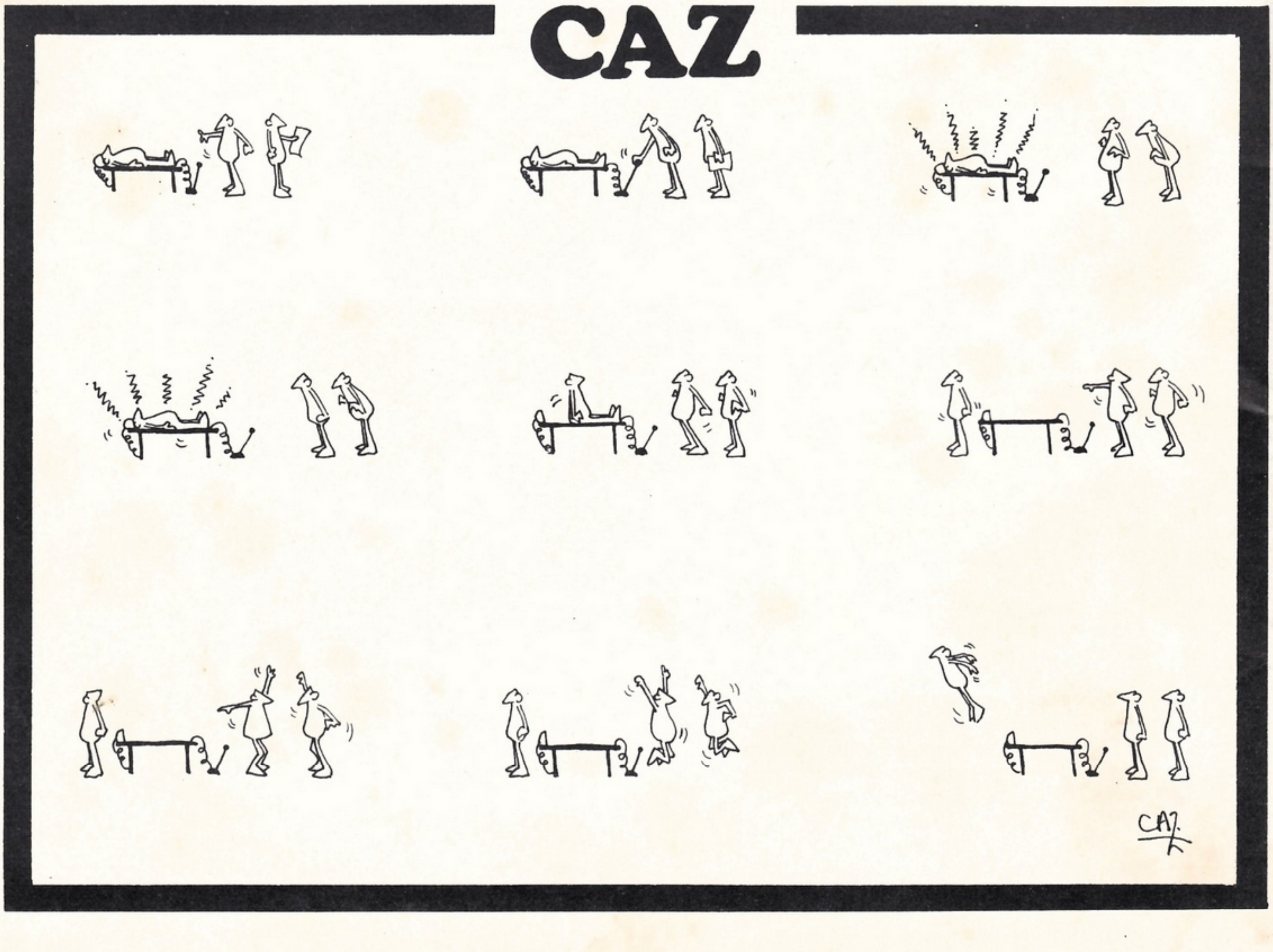
Jonathan Raven, Clarence Street, Penzance, Cornwall

Roy Raymonde's sexy safari was no more than the truth. I went on a trip like this last year. There was one girl we all knew we were going to try to make, she looked as if she was smuggling footballs out of the country. You're not going to believe this, but in a small Land-rover her boobs actually got in the way. She was forever clouting us with them unintentionally. It was quite a relief when I made it instead with a delicious slim little chick who could fit into my sleeping bag, without discomfort to either of us.

Peter H. (full name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ



Ageing begins before you're 30

A leading specialist from Baltimore City Hospital recently stated "ageing begins when growth stops". We begin to age at about 18, we go over the hill at 20 and **the downgrade steepens after 30.**

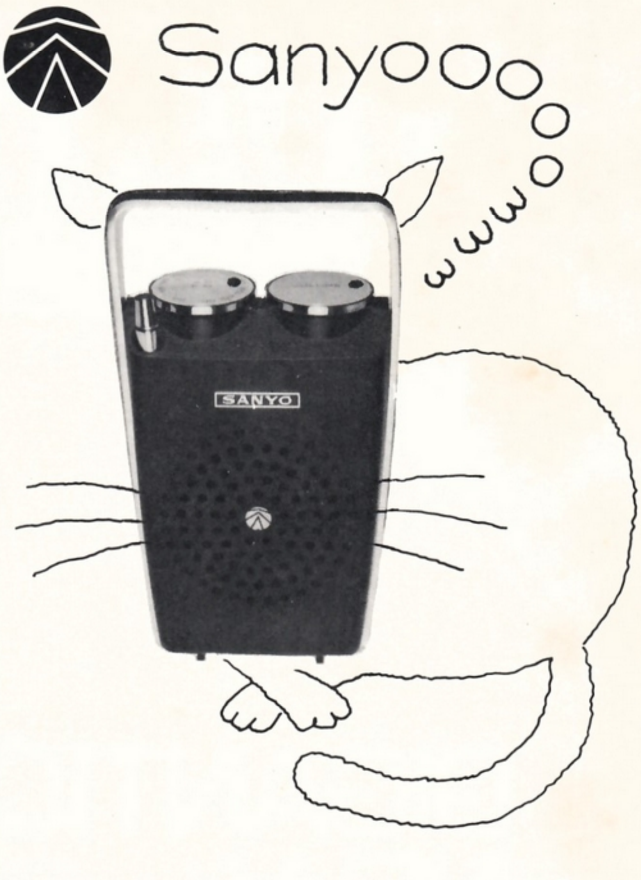
Is there any way we can help prevent ourselves feeling old before our time and keep our vitality and zest for life? Yes—by ensuring that our muscular tissues are supplied with essential nutrients. Without these our myoglobin is diminished in quality, the oxygen reserves within our muscle fibres are depleted, and we feel older than we are.

This is where modern Phyllosan can be a vital help. It contains iron which is a main component in the manufacture of myoglobin and necessary for the adequate supply of oxygen.

A regular course of Phyllosan for iron replacement can help you keep youthful muscular tone. And your youthful vigour. It's specially formulated to do just that. In a matter of weeks you could have revitalised your entire body. And no less important, you'll really *feel* young and active.

We all grow older—some of us quicker than others. *Phyllosan keeps you feeling younger longer.*

Phyllosan
-for the over 28's



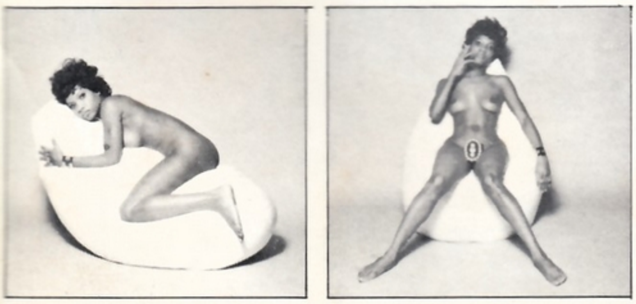
SANYO RADIO · TV · AUDIO · CASSETTE EQUIPMENT

The perfect perch for inventive lovers

The magic filling of millions of polystyrene granules adapts to every position. It looks great anywhere in the house. It's the rage of the USA and the Continent.

In black or white washable imitation leather. At less than half the store price. £10.50 plus 50p postage and packing. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Mail your cheque or postal order to Superseat, c/o Mayfair, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2



JOIN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION!

FILL YOUR SEX-LIFE WITH NEW SENSATIONS

More spice! More variety! More excitement!

Sex has more to offer than you imagine. We cater for sophisticates by supplying everything needed to increase the intensity of sexual pleasure. Scientifically designed and medically approved, these aids can also overcome the minor problems of physical incompatibility which prevent one partner or the other enjoying complete fulfilment. We have an extensive range, including items never before available in this country. Why not write or call.

Harmony For FREE copy of illustrated Brochure **"Harmony"** write to:

Room 8 **THE PELLEN CENTRE,**
1A West Green Road, Tottenham, London, N.15.
or call personally 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. including Saturdays.
Closed Thursday 2 p.m. (near Seven Sisters Underground)

CEDAR WOOD

GIGANTIC NEW SIZE

CEDAR WOOD
FOAM SHAVE
300 G.

Nearly twice as big as
most-but only 44p.

So wet. So thick and concentrated.
And the famous Cedar Wood fragrance.

Cedar Wood: After Shave 38p.
Pre-Electric 38p Cologne 43p Brushless
and lather shave 24p Talc 29p; 43p.
Deodorants; Stick 34p Spray 43p.

Cedar Wood is made by Christopher Collins.